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Cranes at Sunrise

BY ALEC BROWN.

A city sprawling at the foot of hills.
A navigable river cuts it through.
Factories by nights of May distil
A gossamer of smoke, a ghastly dew.

The factory wharves lie by the eastern gate;
The hills are to the south. The railroads dart
In serpent silence; glittering and straight
They deadly strike, and pierce into the heart.

But iron on anvils in a sullen roar
Raves like a sultry nightmare all the day,
And on the quivering body of the earth
Foul burning winds from forges spurt and play;

And, rent round noon by sirens, a strident town
Beats stricken wings against a burnished sky
Till turgid evening filters flocculent down
On lurid walls; and blackened shadows fly

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Through shallow air. The monster sleeps. The only trace
Of its ungainly skeleton are lines
Of empty streets of lamps ; and for a space
Between the darkness creeps the scent of pines—

Then night recoils. Shy in its virgin veil
Of early day the sun wings from the plains ;
And high o'er the walls beneath, lusty and hale
From river mists slip free the rigid cranes ;

And then, oh marvel ! on dusky limbs a bloom
Of golden down, by glow of dawn revealed,
In eager line against the lingering gloom
Limns their gaunt sinews that can lightly wield

All that they will, all that they will. They swing
Off this stained sullen ground with magic might
Aloft, like a lover, lightly whom he adores, and bring
A gracious city into morning light !

Considerations Upon Music

BY JEANNE RAUNAY.

[This article was published recently in *La Revue Universelle* of Paris, and is here translated by arrangement with the publishers. The author, Mme. Jeanne Raunay, is the well-known singer of the Paris Opera and Opéra-Comique and the Brussels Theatre de la Monnaie. She has sung in concerts in the principal cities of Europe, always devoting herself to the highest forms of music. Very few singers have a wider repertory. The daughter of Richeomme, the painter, Mme. Raunay may be said to have been born among the Arts.—EDITOR.]

In Monteverde's *Orfeo* there is a delightful prologue: The master of ceremonies, a feminine voice, but dressed as a boy, comes forward and says:—

Io, la musica son . . .

I am Music!—What daring is in that, what amaze! Who is beautiful, charming, tender, terrible enough to claim: "I am Music!" And the voice insists:—

*Ed or di nobil'ira ed or d'amore
Poss' infiammar le piu gelate men!*

What power is there—power to inflame into wrath or love even the most frozen spirits.

Well, it is true: music can do all things. It can excite and torture; it can even soothe and console and gladden. Is it angel or devil? Both, I think, for it can appeal with equal force to the most ethereal part of the mind and to senses the most human.

And whether doing one or either it is of an equal though different beauty, and each of those beauties gives rise to special emotions which stimulate the mental process by one aspect and the sensations by the other.

* * * *

It is impossible to speak of all the admirable musicians who are examples of what has just been said; their name is Legion. Even in the newest music, the music that is called "advanced," it is not hard to find such. But I had rather not write of what is too near us; I should seem to prefer one of those musicians to another, and that is not the case. Here it is not a question of my tastes—I fancy I have them all!—but to speak of music and of art in general as I continually ponder these things.

To say that a musician is an apostle of "pure music" need not imply that he lacks the dramatic sense, or warmth, or gaiety; but all those qualities he has into the bargain. Never having given a thought to be dramatic, passionate, or comic, he is controlled by his genius when he has something to express, becoming what the subject he has chosen prompts, and such as his demon obliges him to be.

See what Mozart shows us at the end of the first act of *Don Juan*. In a gracious festival amid grass and trees Leporello merrily invites the masqueraders; while *Vengeance* with Anna's voice, *Jealousy* with Elvira's, *Love* with Ottavio's, and light-hearted *Carelessness* with Don Juan's, all blend with the revel. The frivolous and dramatic coincide, everything is in its place, every one lives according to his distinct nature, and the thought is not crushed but aided by the music.

Bach, in the second part of the *Passion according to St. John*, with the sublime *Es ist vollbracht, O Trost*, stirs us in the most human way; but beforehand he has moved mind and soul by reviving impressions that many generations of our ancestors have transmitted to us with our blood. So it is that when immediately after that phrase of patient woe bursts forth in a great noise of organ and trumpets the tidings of the Spirit's triumph over matter, we have already felt it vibrate within us before the music gives it utterance.

Why distinguish one kind of music from another by calling it Pure Music? Music is pure music when it is beautiful. But art is above ourselves, above our humanity, and when music is human, in the sense usually given to this word, it is evidently of a somewhat lower kind.

* * * *

We may take as an example two musicians whom it is wrong to associate, as is generally done. They are generally tied together in a bouquet and so offered; people talk of singing something of Schubert or Schumann as if it were the same thing. In truth, nothing is more different. These two men of genius, almost of the same race, speaking at least the same language, who were contemporaries, Schubert being only thirteen years older than Schumann, and who were inspired by the same poets, are at the opposite poles of music, and yet complete each in his kind. How different the emotion which each calls forth!

Schubert's art, as well as Schumann's, is spontaneous ; but that of Schubert takes its rise in ideas and is ennobled by a train of thought which purifies its sentiment. Schumann's seems to me to be formed altogether of sentiments and sensations which proceed from what is human in us—weakness, strength, passion.

Schubert's art is more aware, and seems, moreover, less of an improvisation. Even though he write on the table of a tavern to pay his reckoning, the landlord gets a composition which is not only complete, but, so to speak, entirely framed, situated, like the painting of a great master who knows the standpoint from which he paints his picture. Schumann weeps, laughs, loves, is carried away, and always sings ; but it happens at times that he ends rather abruptly his phrase so magnificently begun—because it happens that our tears and laughter and loves end like the sharp turn of a road.

Among the melodies of these great masters there are two which will bear comparison : " The King of the Gnomes " and " The Soldier." Both are terrible subjects—" The King of the Gnomes " a complete subject. I am not thinking of Goethe's poem, but of the interpretation given it by Schubert. I say, then, that it is a complete subject : The opening statement, the storm, the child's terror, fever, and hallucination, the gallop of the horse which never ceases, the father's distraction, and at last the arrival ; but—the child is dead. We see the *picture*, and it is definite. The action grows more hurried as in a tragedy, the emotion grows more and more intense, and yet not for a single moment is the sentiment forced.

" The Soldier " is only a painful anecdote : all the merit of it resides in the admirable intelligence of the music, in the rhythm which never pauses. A soldier is led forth to be shot. His only friend is among the firing squad, and this man's love gives him the nerve to aim straight at the heart, so that he whom he loves shall not suffer. That is all. I cannot imagine Andersen's poem with music by Schubert, and it is almost a pity to see all Schumann's art spent on such a poor and brutal subject. The shudder it gives is forgotten once over, as once in shelter a beating gale is forgotten. And yet Schumann could not have done better with it than he has ; but he has played on our nerves, and never stirred our conscious artistic sense.

We may compare again works more important—entire cycles, as they are called, of the same musicians.

"A Woman's Life and Love" and "The Winter Journey" are two groups of songs which are, in their way, two masterpieces. But while we are in tears of human grief before Schumann's ornamentation of Chamisso's poetry, we quiver with a deeper, finer sentiment at the drama of a soul which "The Winter's Journey" offers; and yet the verses of Wilhelm Müller are not worth those of the Lorrainer who became a German. It is not only the personal misfortunes of the poor fellow, mocked and betrayed, which move us so much, but Schubert's music has somehow expressed all the sufferings of this imaginary being, all his hopes, all his disappointment.

* * * *

It were a mistake to believe that a musician of a frigid temperament necessarily composes "pure music." Such a musician may perfectly well turn out music which is neuter, or mathematical and technically correct, or even, if he try hard, lascivious.

There are some musicians and great pictorial artists who are become specialists in appeals to the senses. Were they ever sincere for more than an instant? It is hard for me to believe it. As I see it, they were moved to take such an attitude one day; and then, as it was successful, they had to keep on with what soon became a heavy chain, which at first they did not dare, and eventually were not able to cast off. They are to be pitied, and more and more as they grow old, for then it is not every day that sensuality can act as a stimulating inspiration.

Still, it were to form a false idea of art to conceive it as encased in stark lines. More than of anything else, art has need of full liberty, for without that it is impossible for genius to develop. But it has also need of a curb, without which it runs too easily into degrading ways. A suppressed emotion which, do what one will, filters through all the safeguards set about it, is more beautiful and moving than an emotion given in display. It is better not to cry, "See my heart!" Rather, conceal the heart; its rays, if it be indeed radiant, will sooner or later pierce through all veils. Expression in art should have discipline, measure, a reluctance born of modesty and timidity, and the art should appear as breaking through these restraints.

The people of the eighteenth century, even the greatest, had

so much the habit of concealing nothing that they were come to an entire shamelessness which they covered over with talk of sentiment and the feelings. In that dissolute era, it seems to me, only music and painting remained dignified. In writing this, I recall the names of a musician and a painter. Rameau was not easy to get along with ; was that the reason why he was preserved from the contagion of his surroundings and the low fashion of his time ? As to the great painters, they saved themselves by a procedure of allusion : *L'Embarquement pour Cythère* is the type of a reserved and perfect art which was that of Watteau.

It was the writers that the exhibition of sentiment harmed the most. Rousseau may be taken as an example. Before mountain or torrent, the forest or a fair sky, he is overwhelmed. Bewildered by his enthusiasm, which is so strong that it becomes a physical pleasure, he has neither the desire nor the modesty to wait till he is calm to speak of all that, but sets off at once, losing self-control, revealing himself, tiring himself, and falls into emphasis and bathos.

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The arts are brothers, though perhaps they have not all the same father, but, at any rate, they are near relations, and that is why I do not think I have strayed too far from my subject in what I have just written—though the reader may consider that I have generalised too much. But music is in all things, and the harmony of visible forms is the same as that of sounds.

A fine copy of a painting is welcome, but it must be a free copy, for all interest in it disappears if we know that the painter has simply placed his canvas over a picture and used a reproducing process. Free copying helps a painter by teaching him his craft, just as the study and reconstitution of the forms of the master-musicians develops the skill and the artistic sense of a musician at the start of his career. In fact, an artist can learn his art in no other way than by obliging himself to know his models thoroughly, to analyse and copy their perfect works.

A painter great and free among the great, and an innovator, whom I may name since he is no more, Degas—would he ever have reached such a point of mastery if he had not made the magnificent copies which we come on sometimes in picture-galleries ? They are as beautiful as the copies which Delacroix

made from Rubens—works of a young student, but so far from servility that they are already works of a master.

And the musicians too, I say again, should strive to be fertilized by the masters, should go to school to them so as one day to do something as good. But once the lesson accepted, the pupil must be on his guard against himself and try to forget, if not the forms, at least the formulas of the ancients; for these, cleverly employed, entwined with ornaments after the fashion of the hour, may be used as the shafts of a work which is presented as quite new. Some harmonies, difficult to follow; certain juxtapositions, sometimes pleasing and often frightful; a little local colour; some dragging or heaviness in the rhythm—and there you are! But let there be no mistake: all these various garments put on the lay-figure of another will fall away sooner or later, and the composer, if he be still alive, will be ashamed of what he has done.

We have some musicians who are not yet old, musicians dating from before the war, whose science, taste and invention are admirable. They are not in the least academic or slavish, but they have had the advantage of a first-class education in their art. They are the guardians and protectors of music. I would like to pay them homage, but I do not care to speak of the living. I may at least be allowed to mention Ernest Chausson, Charles Bordes, and Albéric Magnard, who are dead.

The quite young generation of to-day, which has had to learn so quickly what it knows—and it knows a great deal—has thrown everything pell-mell into its intelligence, and having no time to meditate, has absorbed with enthusiasm all kinds of books, music and travels. These young men have one dominant quality, which is, to get immense amusement out of everything they do. That, at any rate, is the impression they give, and it is so much to the good.

Unfortunately, they are determined to be original at all costs. As long as this is only a kind of schoolboy fun it is quite pleasant. But originality must be in one's self. If it is searched for it hides, and in its place it leaves some mannerisms which show up terribly and, after a while, become intolerable. So did those of the Romantic School become their own victims, especially the writers. The musicians and painters had less sophistication and lived more solitary. As a consequence they were more sincere, and so were saved.

I wish our young musicians would be willing to take into consideration now and then the amount of work which was done by the great musicians of yore. To give some notion of it I will choose only two examples, so as to keep this article within reasonable length.

I should be sorry to scandalise anybody, but I am obliged to say that to one of the two I fear to be unjust, for I dislike the nature of the man and the art which resulted from it. Saint-Saëns is whom I mean. At the same time I feel that he should be accepted as he is, and deep respect paid to a talent which, though it be not suffused with creative genius, is nevertheless enough to place him who possessed it among the greatest.

Gounod said of Saint-Saëns that he had saturated himself in the style of all the masters so as to be more certain of attaining his own. That is a tribute to which I find it hard to give entire consent. To me Saint-Saëns appears seldom *alone*; in him are all the styles, all the fashions, as in a perfect mosaic one can trace all the stones which went to make it. With Saint-Saëns the blend is so skilful that it almost results in a new personality. As he had much self-control, the musicians who were his masters aided him without leaving any trace in his work of a servile copy; but neither does there come forth from it that sovereign independence which would have proved him to be a genius.

His great love was Mozart. His very love for Mozart kept him from plagiarizing Mozart, and his natural aridity not seldom yielded to the blitheness and grace of the master he worshipped. Mozart was as a guardian-angel of his art, an occult influence, a safeguard.

His other love was also well chosen. This was Liszt, that admirable man, whose works of genius were constantly in the mind of Saint-Saëns and whom he loved as an inspirer, a model. I believe, too, that he loved Liszt, the man, with a real tenderness; and this was a sentiment so rare in Saint-Saëns that when found it should be recorded to his credit. How right he was! His tenderness was paid back a hundredfold in gifts of art. In his symphonic poems, is it not to Liszt he owes, if not the inspiration, the build of them and the conduct?

He had such a knowledge of music and of the writing of music that his symphonic works are flawless. He had also a good deal of wit, and his orchestra often reveals it with a spice of mischief.

The irony of the oboes in *Le Rouet d'Omphale* is like a digression in one of Voltaire's tales. Sometimes, too, he plays throughout all the length of a composition with the leitmotif he has chosen—develops it, deforms and then reforms it, to shew it finally at its full value in a very elaborate and spirited conclusion. It is so in the *Symphony with Organ* which he dedicated to the memory of Liszt. This is perhaps his most finished work; he was never better inspired than by his friend.

Saint-Saëns remains an example, and not a discouraging example, for he is the type of an artist whose success is due to work and will-power rather than to any direct gift of genius.

The other musician I am thinking of, Gabriel Fauré—but how, after all, can one give him as an example? He had wonderful genius. It is only too easy to point to him and say: "Go and do likewise." Still, would this genius have come to full flower without the hard work of his student years, and the years he was organist at the Madeleine church, during which he absorbed the works of the masters of religious music?

I believe that we like Fauré so much because never was a genius more French. His classical-romantic formation is plain, especially in his piano music, which reveals his relationship to Chopin whom he must have loved much. And just there we see how genius works: to admire this one or that more than all else, and yet produce an individual work in which the influence is just perceptible enough to save the work from arriving in the world of art as an orphan.

Fauré, as he continued to write, became more and more himself—undulating, tender-hearted, emancipated from heavy rhythms. Thus he breathed light; and for long flowed as a great river flows waves of superb melody. In all he attempted he was excellent. As he grew in years he had attained to such simplicity that he no longer used methods which appeal directly to the senses.

He had reached this point in his development when he produced *Pénélope*. The public were stupefied; many did not know what to make of it. I think we should go back to *Parfum Impérissable*, that imperishable melody, to note the first signs of this evolution in Fauré. It did not develop fully all at once; years passed ere this philosophy took firm shape in the thought

of the master. But from the hour of the *Chanson d'Eve* which, like *Pénélope* later, upset audiences more than it charmed them, his final style was formed. If his Second Quatuor had an immediate triumph, the reason is that people who take the trouble to go to hear chamber-music have made up their minds to be pleased, and those who do not understand express their admiration louder than the others.

Till the very end Fauré mounted higher and higher to the most aerial summits of an art stripped of all accretions and excellently pure. I recall two who went before him and like him arrived at the final simplification : Chateaubriand when he wrote his *Vie de Rancé*, and Franz Hals in his Portraits of the Regents of the Hospital in the Museum at Haarlem.

From these three works what benefit comes ! But all that is very serious, and art is not necessarily so stern.

Our young musicians who get so much amusement out of what they do have sometimes wit, and certain ones have a good deal of it. This wit, in my opinion, may prove the salvation of themselves and of their music. Let each of them give a loose rein to his high spirits and express his local origin ; and if all that has a pleasant relish and seems genuine, nobody will grumble at the author, even if his high spirits be a little coarse.

Chabrier is the best example of the kind of headlong genius who says all, who says too much, who puts a lot of paper around his bouquet ; but the bouquet is made with fair and living flowers, and at times even with flowers rare and precious. Has he not had an unquestionable influence ? Yes, an influence due to his sincerity, his simplification in expression, his gaiety and wit. Some one has said that his gaiety is the gaiety of a water-carrier ; but he can also move and love and storm. His Muse is rather noisy, but she sometimes rises wonderfully ; and if we have only a smile for the *Cochons Roses*, for *Espana* and the *Bourrée Fantasque*, how is it possible to be disrespectful before *La Sulamite*, inspired, as the subject requires, by youth and passion ? I believe the young composers would do well to learn spontaneity at his school. The mere plodders will sink before long, but those who have grace and a smile and good-humour will eventually be worthy servants of art, and art will save them.

The Irish Parliament House and The Bank of Ireland

BY EDWARD WATSON

Prefatory Note.

Conflicting and incorrect statements having been written and published relative to the original construction of the Irish Parliament House, and the subsequent alterations made in the building after its disuse as a Senate Chamber, this compilation of the facts has been drawn up in order to terminate any misconceptions on the subject that may exist.

EDWARD WATSON.

The Building in which the Irish Parliament at one time met was known as Chichester House ; it was situated in College Green. When the Sovereign died, the Parliament dissolved, and a new one was elected, which continued until the next demise of the Crown. The meeting was biennial, the session usually began in the autumn and terminated in the spring, there was then a prorogation, and the Parliament did not meet again until the autumn of the succeeding year.

The unsuitability of Chichester House seems to have been recognised so far back as 1709, but no definite step to remedy matters was taken during the Parliament of King George I. After the accession of King George II. a Committee was appointed to deal with the subject ; their report, which was presented on the 10th of January, 1727-8, was that the walls of the Parliament House were in a dangerous state, that it could not last longer than another session, that the offices were too small and inconvenient, and that it was an absolute necessity to build a new House.

On the 30th of April, 1728, it was ordered " that Thomas Burgh, esq., His Majesty's Surveyor-General, be desired to prepare and lay before His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant a plan for building a new Parliament House." The last sitting in Chichester House was on the 6th of May, 1728.

The following session, which opened on the 23rd of September, 1729, was held in the Blue Coat School. On the 27th of November it was reported that the walls of the new building were now nearly finished and complete.

Parliament was prorogued on the 15th of April, 1730, and assembled in the new House on the 5th of October, 1731. On the 3rd of the next month it was resolved to pay the Governors of the Blue Coat School £200 towards the rebuilding of that part of the said Hospital which had become necessary by reason of the alterations made therein for the accommodation of both Houses of Parliament.

From time to time money was voted to defray the cost of the works, and on the 23rd of December, 1737, it was resolved that £5,461 4s. od. be paid to Arthur Dobbs, His Majesty's Surveyor, for completing and finishing the Parliament House. Two years later, on the 10th of December, 1739, Arthur Dobbs' account was submitted, and it was resolved that Arthur Dobbs had acquitted himself of the trust reposed in him with great care and frugality. Maps, plans and engravings to be seen in the Dublin National Gallery and elsewhere exhibit the Parliament House as it was when finished in 1739.

In 1767 the Octennial Act was passed, which limited the life of a Parliament to eight years, but as heretofore a session was held only every other year.

Some years later the peers considered the accommodation provided for them was insufficient; on the 14th of August, 1778, the Committee that had been appointed to deal with the matter presented a Report, and it was resolved by the House of Lords to build additional rooms over the Clerks' offices, etc., but that no ground was to be purchased. Nothing further was then done. In the next session the Lords adopted another resolution of the Committee, which was that it might be expedient in the present state of the country to defer making additional rooms and any other alteration until further consideration was taken. During the remainder of that session the matter seems to have been in abeyance, but on the 28th of February, 1782, a Report was presented by the Committee to the effect that they had sent for Mr. Thomas Cooley, Inspector to the Civil Buildings; that to erect additional buildings and purchase ground would be attended with great expense, but to build the additional rooms over the Clerks' offices, conformable to Mr. Cooley's plans, the expense would be moderate. However, although this was agreed to, the work was not carried into effect. Another Report was received from the Committee that in order to unite with a general plan of improve-

ment now under consideration between the north and south sides of the city, this would be an opportunity of erecting the additional rooms in a commodious manner by erecting an east front to the House with a convenient entrance, and that it would be inexpedient to proceed with the additional rooms agreed to on the 28th of the previous February; this was adopted, and the Committee were empowered to procure plans and proposals for making additional buildings, and to treat with the person whose plans should be approved of and agreed to.

Arrangements were accordingly made, and on the 11th of June, 1782, the Committee reported that the plans and elevations prepared by Mr. James Gandon would be convenient and ornamental, and proper to be carried into execution.

On the 17th of July the Parliament, which was the last to meet biennially, was dissolved, and the new one met on the 14th of October, 1783. On the 2nd of December the Committee reported that no progress had been made with the new building, and that the ground had not been cleared or bought, that it would require a sum of £7,761 17s. 5d. to purchase the ground according to the valuation of a jury, and £5,000 towards the erection according to Mr. James Gandon's plan and estimate. On the 20th of the same month it was resolved that the plans this day laid before Committee by Mr. James Gandon as now altered will furnish such additional rooms as are necessary; that a sum of £7,761 15s. 5d. will be necessary for purchasing 230 feet of ground lying eastward of the Parliament House for the purpose of building such rooms as are necessary to be added to the Parliament House, and that a sum of £2,000 will be necessary for building such rooms.

The session ended on the 14th of May, 1784; the next commenced on the 20th of January, 1785, and thereafter up to 1800 the sessions were annual.

On the 5th of April, 1787, the Committee appointed to superintend the construction of the buildings was enlarged by the addition of seven Peers.

On the 8th of April, 1788, a resolution was passed to enable £5,000 to be paid to defray the expenses which had been incurred to a considerable extent. The Archbishop of Cashel, the Duke of Leinster, and seven other peers were appointed a Committee to see to the application of the money then voted. On the 20th of the following February it was ordered that account be laid

before the House of the sums expended on the new buildings' three days later Mr. Gandon attended, and delivered the account. On the 29th April, 1789, it was resolved that a sum of £16,593 12s. 3½d. had been expended, and that a further sum of £3,343 15s. 2d. was needed to complete the building. This money was then provided.

These particulars show that the eastern front was not finished at the date last mentioned. Three years previously the House of Commons had decided that an extension on the west side of the building was required. On the 4th of April, 1786, an address to the Lord Lieutenant was moved that ground might be purchased on the west side of the Parliament House for building necessary rooms and for continuing the passage on the north side. Two days subsequently it was resolved that a sum not exceeding £10,000 be granted to enable a sufficient breadth of ground on the west side to the Parliament House to be purchased for building the necessary rooms, and opening a wide and convenient space before them, and continuing the passage on the north side.

On the 7th of April, 1787, the following Resolutions were submitted :—

“That in the opinion of the Committee, the plans laid before them appear to contain a proper disposition of all the necessary rooms and passages, and that there ought to be an open space on the west side of the additional buildings of the width of sixty feet; that no house should be erected on the north side of said buildings nearer than in line twenty feet distant from the north range of the present buildings.

“That it is the opinion of this Committee that the elevation of the additional buildings shall be in the Ionic order, and in the stile of the present south front.”

The Committee's Report was adopted. An address was subsequently moved asking the Lord Lieutenant to assent to a grant of £6,000 towards the buildings. On the 10th of April this sum was provided; on the 8th of May, £4,000; on the 13th of March, 1790, £7,000; on the 31st of March, 1791, £7,200—a total amounting to £24,200; the dates and figures which have been quoted make it appear that the work on the western side had been decided on before that on the eastern side had been commenced, and was in a forward state before the latter was completed.

On the 27th of February, 1792, the House of Commons was sitting in Committee, when it was reported that the roof was on fire and would probably fall within five minutes; the Speaker instantly resumed the chair, and the House adjourned. Notwithstanding that every possible assistance was immediately given, the progress of the fire was so dreadfully rapid, that in two hours the House of Commons was burned to the ground. On the following day the members met in the Coffee Room; and on the 1st of March in the large room in the new building at the west of the House, which was intended to have been the depository for the Parliamentary records. The damage was confined to the interior of the House; except the roll which contained the signatures of the members, none of the records or journals were destroyed.

On the 7th of March the Committee appointed to examine into the cause of the fire by which the interior of the House had been consumed, reported that it had been entirely accidental; the exterior was not affected.

The Act of Union obtained the Royal Assent on the 1st of August, 1800; on the next day the Irish Parliament was prorogued, and on the 31st of the following December ceased to exist.

Shortly afterwards the Directors of the Bank of Ireland, having decided to move from their premises in Mary's Abbey, took into consideration a project for the purchase of the vacant Parliament House, and its conversion into a Bank. A ground plan and elevations were made, which may be seen in the Bank. If compared with those already referred to, the alterations and additions for which the Irish Parliament were responsible can easily be understood. The south front appears unchanged, except that the high dome of the House of Commons is not visible, and the number of steps leading up to the piazza is less, as, consequent on the formation of Westmoreland Street, the level of College Green was raised; on the west side an Ionic portico has been added, connected with the south front by a colonnade consisting of Ionic columns, and twelve feet distant from them a circular wall ornamented with dressed niches and a rusticated basement. On the east side a portico in the Corinthian style connected with the south front by a circular screen wall similar in design to the wall of this portico, but, unlike it, having neither

cornice nor balustrade. In the south wall of this structure there are windows, one on the upper and the other on the ground floor. The circular wall starts from a point twelve feet distant from the south-east corner of the wall of the portico. Each portico has three doorways.

The following extracts, taken from the Minutes of the Court of Directors, will explain how the alterations were carried out which changed the aspect of the building, and made it what it is to-day.

On the 17th of September, 1801, a ground plan of the Parliament House was received and referred to the Secretary and Accountant-General.

On the 10th of April, 1802, a letter was received conveying the Lord Lieutenant's approval of the proposal to purchase the Parliament House, with a proviso that all plans for alterations shall be approved by His Excellency. An Act was subsequently passed authorising the Irish Treasury to sell to the Bank.

On 26th of April, 1802, possession of the premises was given. On the 28th of September, 1802, the Directors decided to extend to the 1st of February, 1803, the time allowed to architects for the submission of plans. On the 21st of June, 1803, premiums for plans were awarded to ten architects, the highest 200 guineas, the lowest £56 17s. 6d.

On the 5th of July, 1803, it was ordered that the Building Committee's arrangements for plan for converting the Parliament House as laid down on a ground plan, as submitted by Mr. Johnston, be received, subject to alteration.

On the 27th of August, 1803, the Conveyance to the Bank was sealed. This Deed of Release and Assignment contains a covenant on the part of the Bank not to make any alteration on the exterior of the building, and a proviso that any violation of this covenant will cause a reversion to the Crown of the entire property, qualified, however, by a power to the Lord Lieutenant to allow alteration, provided a plan had previously been submitted and consent to same signified.

On the 18th of October, 1803, the Court of Directors appointed a carpenter, a bricklayer, and two stone-cutters. On the 18th of September, 1804, the Governors reported that on the 15th of September the Lord Lieutenant had met the Court of Directors

at four o'clock for the purpose of inspecting a model for assimilating the front of the new Bank, and that His Excellency had approved thereof. Mr. Johnston was directed to take the necessary measurements for altering the same, and to have the said model made complete and applying to the entire front of said building. ("Model" means an architect's set of designs. See "New English Dictionary").

On the 8th of June, 1805, a letter was received from Mr. Johnston asking "permission to order Portland Stone for the columns for the eastern sweep, that we may as soon as we can assimilate it to the western, which is now nearly completed."

On the 18th of July, 1805, a letter from Mr. Johnston contains the following:—

"I am now about finishing the top of the curtain wall at the back of the balustrade of the eastern sweep, and it has been suggested to me that it might be a good thing to finish it with a platform for firing from, instead of patent slating."

On the 25th of June, 1806, correspondence between the Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Johnston was submitted, the latter had written asking for approval of the model His Excellency had seen on the 22nd; the reply was that the Lord Lieutenant considered that the model combines the principles of interior convenience and accommodation with the idea of giving uniformity to the exterior of the front.

On the 9th of September, 1806, permission was given to Mr. Johnston for the stone-cutters to begin the eastern screen wall. On the 5th January, 1807, Mr. Johnston asked the Directors to agree to employ Edward Smyth to make a model for the statues to be put on top of the south pediment, and pay him twenty guineas.

On the 14th of August, 1807, Mr. Johnston was ordered to raise the wall at the rear of the Bank to such a height as shall be necessary for security; if it shall appear that the present wall is not sufficiently strong to bear such an addition, to proceed immediately to build a new wall on the site of the old one.

On the 12th of October, 1807, Mr. Johnston's proposal to raise the wall in rear of the Bank six feet and to barricade the windows was agreed to. On the 23rd of December, 1807, Mr. Johnston's recommendation was adopted, that the railings to

secure the screen colonnades uniting the front of the new Bank should be executed agreeable to the old railing.

On the 1st of February, 1808, Mr. Johnston was allowed to obtain from John Flaxman, and some others, designs for decoration to be placed on the pediment of the principal front of the Bank.

On the 24th of May, 1808, it was ordered that the business of the Bank was to be conducted in the new Bank on the 6th of the following month. On the 30th of August, 1808, it was ordered that Mr. Johnston be directed to lay before the Court an estimate of the expenses of the works now carrying on in Foster Place. Mr. Johnston was also directed not to proceed in the execution of any additional work for the Bank without an order of the Court delivered by the Secretary in writing. On the 29th of August, 1809, it was reported that Flaxman's charge for the execution of his designs would be £1,137 10s. od., but that Smyth's estimate for the work was £450, and it was accepted.

On the 28th of May, 1811, it was resolved that Mr. Johnston, Architect of the Bank, be desired forthwith to make a correct return of the unfinished buildings now carrying on at the Bank of Ireland, and the expenses that will be incurred in completing the same and the time in which they will be finished. On the 8th of September, 1811, Mr. Johnston's account was submitted for percentage as architect and surveyor of the work at the new Bank, from September, 1803, to March, 1811, inclusive, for expenditure thereon, being £115,297 11s. 7½d., fees £5,764 7s. 6d.

If these minutes and the plan and elevations of 1802-3 are studied and the building itself observed and examined, the alterations which the Directors of the Bank of Ireland were empowered to make will be apparent. The south front is unchanged, except that windows have been closed up and statues placed on the acroteria of the centre pediment, the doorways of the west portico have been walled up, otherwise the structure has not been altered; the colonnade has disappeared, the circular screen wall has been taken down and rebuilt behind and between the Ionic columns; the doorways of the eastern portico have been closed as well as the windows on the south wall, the screen wall has been removed and one erected with three-quarter columns, and similar in every respect to the screen wall on the western side; the portico is connected by an Ionic archway with buildings constructed for a Printing Office, and at right angles to it there is at the north

end of Foster Place a somewhat similar archway, with a Guard Room above, surmounted by a military trophy executed in stone.

On the eastern side the portico is connected with the wall which forms the northern boundary of the Bank premises, by an archway similar to that on the western side, but closed by a door which is in fact a mock door, as it is blocked on the inside by solid masonry.

As to the interior, if the ground plan of 1802 is compared with the building as it is to-day, it will be seen that while the Court of Requests and the House of Commons have been completely altered, the House of Lords is unchanged, and for the most part the interior walls stand as they formerly did.

The total cost of all the additions and alterations made by the Bank, when completed, amounted to £145,571 9s. 1d.

Authorities.

Lords and Commons Journals of the Irish Parliament.

The Parliament House and College Green, engraving from a picture by J. Tudor, 1753.

Map of Dublin, by John Rocque, 1756.

Ground Plan of the Parliament House, by Rowland Omer, published by Bernard Scalé, 1767.

Map of Dublin, corrected by Bernard Scalé, 1773.

Irish Act, 7 K. Geo. III, c. III.

Map of Dublin, 1st January, 1780, in Pool and Cash's Views of Dublin.

View of the Irish Parliament House, woodcut in Supplement of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, July, 1835, taken from an original drawing made in 1787 by Henry A. Baker, Architect to the Royal Dublin Society.

Map of Dublin, corrected by Bernard Scalé, 1787.

The Parliamentary Register, Vol. XII.

Irish Act, 40 K. Geo. III., c. xxxviii.

A survey of the Avenues and Buildings contiguous to the Parliament House, Dublin, by Thomas Sherrard, Surveyor to the Commissioners of Wide Streets, 1802.

Act of Parliament, 42 K. Geo. III, c. lxxxvii.

Elevations of the West, South and East Fronts of the Parliament House as it was on 31st March, 1803.

Deed of Release and Assignment, dated 27th August, 1803.

Minutes of the Court of Directors of the Bank of Ireland.

Accounts of the Bank of Ireland.

The Good Censor

BY ALEC BROWN.

I wish in briefest outline to offer some considerations of what a good censor of letters would be. There is no need, I trust, to show the need for some potential control. Books are written by members of a group to be read by other members of the group; and it follows that (*a*) they should not be harmful to the group, and (*b*) if they are so, some form of government of their dissemination is required. The very nature of books makes their possible censorship a natural corollary. I take it as axiomatic of sane society that the group has no concern whatsoever with the individual's reaction to anything whatsoever, except in so far as his reaction further reacts on the group.

I shall not, then, dwell long on the whole-hog opposition to a censorship of those in whom development of that set of conditioned reflexes called "love of liberty" resembles the humped biceps of the romantic village smith. They hold, I suppose, that greater than the poison of "state interference with the liberty of the individual" there is none. They are surely as absurd in their attitude as was that example of the other extreme, Nicholas I of Russia, in his. They forget that their individualism (as he that his power) is born of the advantages the group (or in his case, individuals) affords them. But one suspects and one hopes that the anti-censor intransigence of most of them comes largely from their accepting the popular wooden conception of what a censor should be. Destruction of that error is the purpose of the present enquiry.

Let us be clear, before we begin, that for reasons of space the enquiry leaves out special treatment of specialised classes of books such as works on mathematics; and by the nature of things (as such a small number of people are at any time suited to the reading of contemporary poetry), deals primarily with "fiction" in the form of the story (novel) in prose. We may now look into the activity of a writer, analysing it from the point of view of the group, and observe:

1. *The activity of a writer.* Let us say: a writer composes works, more or less rigidly ordered by a (virtually) preconceived pattern (significant form), which are communications to others of certain selected (imaginary) activities of one or more humans;

or else of more or less anthropomorphised animate or animistically viewed inanimate entities.

2. *The results of that activity in regard to the individual.* Let us say: these communications produce certain reactions in individual readers of them. The principal immediate reactions are functions of: (a) pleasure, (as delight, disgust, relaxation, etc.) or (b) conduct, (unchanged or modified by being: (i.) normal conduct with less or greater effectiveness, or (ii.) changed conduct.)

3. *The results of that activity relayed on from individuals to the group.* Let us say: the immediate reactions of the individual may have further reactions on the group to which the individual belongs (roughly speaking, for the immediate purpose of this essay, ultimately the nation); because, if the conduct of a large enough number of important enough individuals (the more important the individuals, the smaller need be the number), is modified we may say that under certain circumstances the writer affects the group.

Let us now proceed carefully to enlarge on the effects of books on individuals and the group. Only by being clear about these can we have any useful ideas as to how the supply of books should be controlled, if controlled at all:

1. *The reaction of pleasure in the individual reader.* This pleasure may, roughly speaking, be (a) pleasure of relaxation mainly such pure and simple; or (b) pleasure, (which may also include relaxation), which replenishes our powers of action. The pleasure of relaxation pure and simple, is largely provided by the bulk of the daily press, and by the larger part of prose fiction which we will term mass fiction. I do not think that, from the point of view of the group, a comparison of the daily press and mass fiction with *panis et circenses* will appear extravagant. One may, that is, suggest that the daily press and mass fiction are, in the same way as the cinema, useful to the group as neutralisers of individual discontent, and hence of social unrest. The good censor would nevertheless have to consider whether such easy relaxation pleasure is not at the same time apt to be harmful, by its soporific nature, which tends to reduce activity, and destroy moral fibre, for in the masses reduced activity certainly, and destroyed moral fibre most likely are harmful to the whole of the group.

2. *The reaction which is primarily of the form of a change of conduct.* By this, I mean the change of conduct which is not a consequence of the pleasure we have undergone; but is, practically

speaking, a result of an enlargement of our ideas as to the possibilities (desirabilities, etc.) of human conduct. We emphatically do not obtain this type of reaction from mass fiction, or, with but rare exceptions, from the daily press; we obtain it exclusively from the work of what may be conveniently termed *serious writers*¹ Apart then from the daily press and mass fiction, if, by reason of their sapping energy, rotting the moral fibre and so on, they are eventually condemned, it is with the class of serious fiction that the good censor may be expected to have to deal.² Serious fiction, by way of such reaction to it in individuals that tends to influence an increasing number of other individuals, be of obvious harm to the group. I will therefore offer some more detailed analysis of this class of books in regard to the group.

1. Just as (apart from other factors), the number of serious fiction books is maintained at a low part of the whole of fiction, by the circumstance that the average reader is, unconsciously at least, guided in choosing a book by the possibility of obtainment from it of "pleasure"; and by the law of human nature, that change of conduct (innovation)³ is almost invariably accompanied by a certain displeasure, we may say that the popularity, and hence the circulation of a newly-published book is in a positive function of an inverse proportion to the change-producing elements in it; which practically amounts to saying, that it is in inverse proportion to the novelty of the book. There is, that is to say, a complex factor we will call that of novelty/displeasure exercising principal control over any influence the book is likely to have.

2. This pleasure factor further plays an important part in that the displeasure experienced by the reader of a book is always likely to deter him from the change, suggestion of which caused him displeasure.

There is, therefore, a natural brake which does much to preserve society from the immediate harmful effect any book may have. The good censor must never forget this when adjudging the quality of a book from the group point of view. He must remember, especially, that the influence of factor 2 may not merely annul

¹ This is not the place to consider whether they are serious by intention or by accident; the classification here is by observed production.

² It is noteworthy that (apart from out-and-out pornographic literature), it is this class of serious fiction books that at present pre-occupies the solely negative activities of the present censor.

³ Usually in the form of revelations or stimuli that diminish the reader's complacency.

harm, but even have the result that a book has exactly the opposite effect from that which he thinks it will have.

A concrete example should serve well here. Let us say plainly : the displeasure which an unconsciously homosexual person may have on reading, say, " The Well of Loneliness " will, if the book makes her conscious of a tendency towards homosexuality, at least quite as often turn her from it as it will goad her towards it. Even if we suppose that the good censor should possess the present-day standard morality and be unimaginative as to the nature of society, and therefore consider the natural halfway sexual state anti-social—he should still ponder very seriously whether in withholding such a book as " The Well of Loneliness " from the public he is not from his point of view doing more harm than good.

We must conclude, then, that the danger to the group from the immediate effect of a harmful book on individuals is kept at a minimum. It cannot be realised too clearly that, unless the advertisement of a popular name influences the public, any book having on first publication a large circulation contains so little innovation elements in it that it cannot be harmful. No figure, after several centuries of christianity, is likely to appeal to unanalytic minds (and influence them) so much as that of the virtuous simpleton such as Dostoievsky's idiot. Yet, England's lower middle class version of him, the hero of " If Winter Comes ", was able to pass through the minds of some 3,000,000 readers (a rough figure based on a sale which, if I remember rightly, exceeded 150,000) without having any effect at all. The case is typical. But we have now to consider the much more important *further reaction of individuals affected by a book on other individuals*, in which we may have the emergence of a group effect from a number of individual effects. I think we may make three main observations :

1. The same brake of novelty /displeasure certainly affects the relaying of any harmful change by individuals affected ; for there is at least as much reason to expect the innovation when relayed on in this way to excite displeasure as pleasure, and the relayed effect is therefore kept strictly at a minimum. There are two principal special cases which form exceptions to this. These are :

2. The case of what we may plainly call revolutionary propaganda, in which readers affected by a book harmful in this sense become active propagandists armed with special weapons of argument and emotional appeal. Here, although the novelty/dis-

pleasure factor applies with powerful effect in the general reader, on the contrary, to the type that is appealed to the novelty connotes acute pleasure, and not displeasure, and it is for this reason tenable that books of this nature are peculiarly inflammatory, and should be the subject of the censor's negative functions. This, however, is a special case, properly falling (as mathematics and other specialised provinces of letters), outside the scope of this short paper. There remains the third, and most important, type of relaying effect. This is :

3. That of the class of books which influence other writers, and produce imitators. It is the class of "*writer's books*." It is a class of which the chief characteristic is that the innovation is great ; and that while the novelty /displeasure law strictly limits the sale of the book in the general public (until, by a process which I shall examine elsewhere, the book possibly becomes a classic), the novelty is at the same time so intensely studied that craftsman's curiosity, artists' perspicacity, make the serious writer find pleasure where the average reader would find displeasure.

It is this class of books that will, for the good censor, be the centre of his interest, because these are the books which by themselves are capable of causing that amount of change in the behaviour of the group against which the good censor should, if he considers it harmful change, take precautions.

But if, on the contrary, he find it useful change, should he not equally encourage it, exercising a positive function ? But of that lower down.

We may divide serious fiction, then, into two distinct classes—the class which appeals to an ordinary reading public and the class which appeals especially to the writing public. I will first try to make clear the difference between the two classes from the group point of view of the good censor. It will forthwith be seen that in another way, apart from the breakage of the novelty /displeasure factor, a book in one class is totally different from a book in the other class.

Let us be clear : the censor is concerned with the health of the group. The health of the individual is his business only in so far as it affects the group. He, as one of the guardians of the group, is concerned with changes in the group. Now, we must observe that changes in the group are not simply the lump sum of a sufficiently large number of individuals who have all undergone the

same change. The change which is worthy of attention is a change that has become a possible condition which any member of the group may assume directly, apart from any action of the original cause of the change, but merely by that mass infection (suggestion) which we must certainly agree exists. It is such change as has *emerged* under special conditions, from what was, without the emergence, merely a number of persons affected in the same way.

The important point in this is to observe that such emerged change comes about (as far as books at all can produce change), not through isolated books influencing isolated individuals, but through the coming into existence of a number of similar books by a number of authors at the same time, through there being a fashion of the particular kind of writing. The difference between the two cases is fundamental.

In the one case any individual liable to be influenced by the book (let us leave aside for the moment all pleasure/displeasure, and other factors) does not feel, if he might be tempted towards changing his conduct by it, that the isolated writer who might influence him has behind him the force of any sort of public opinion. The reader's feelings are of the form: this man thinks this behaviour all right, but after all it is not all right, *it is not done*. In the other case the individual (and especially if he has a natural leaning towards the change of conduct which he considers would otherwise *not be done*—be anti-social), feels that there is, behind his change of conduct, at least some body of opinion which he can regard as justification. In the first case the change would be eccentric; in the second case the change is socially "recognised."

It works like this: "Have you read Jackson's new book about —?" "No, I haven't, but, let me see, there's Johnson writes in rather the same way, doesn't he?" "Yes, he does,—and then there was that article of Tomson in the—; he's in with them, but all the same he criticised Jackson's style pretty severely; he seems to think Jimson's the coming man. He writes about the same sort of thing too, you know." "Yes, just remember what a stir it would have made twenty years ago. How times change! It's in the air now."

There is the difference—in that phrase which implies the possibility of sanction—"It's in the air now." This is what we mean by saying that the changed view is no longer that of a conglomeration of individuals—that it has emerged. How different the

attitude is from that when the comment might be—"Have you read Jackson's new book about——?" "Yes, I have; goes a bit too far, doesn't he?" in which rings the social animal's group-preservative shrinking from change not endorsed by group opinion.

What then is the position? It is that the good censor will see that (a) the circulation of serious fiction for the general reading public is so controlled by the novelty/displeasure factor that danger from it is practically an impossibility, unless (b) there are a number of books of the same school, sufficient to create a group sanction for their ideas. He will, therefore, except for the energy he spends on deciding to what extent the daily press and mass fiction should be allowed, confine himself to the special small class of writers' books. In these lies the possibility of change and the possibility of danger.

It is here that the difficulty arises, if we consider the function of the censor to be merely that which in the present stupid constitution of that post he is generally held to have—that which is one clumsy way of executing his negative function, the outright prohibition of books. It is here too that we at last get a glimpse of what the good censor (useful to society and congenial to mature writers), not only he should be, but will eventually be obliged to be. For we shall see, if we turn to the most striking case of the suppression of a writer's book in our times, that of Mr James Joyce's "Ulysses," that it is impossible to suppress what is dangerous in books of this class.

In the first place let us be clear that style is left aside (as its part in modifying readers requires a study for which the raw material is not yet all prepared by psychologists and physiologists, but which will probably show it so slight in regard to the group fabric as to be negligible). The enquiry must be confined to matter, which in a book comprises mainly: language, activities of characters, nature of characters, and, emergent from these, general atmosphere. Let us consider: (1) whether the condemnation, for the particular reasons, was wise; (2) whether condemnation on account of other elements would have been wise; and (3) whether, in spite of condemnation, any harmful effect of the book continues to be felt, *i.e.*, was the condemnation effective? I think we may say:

1. The obscene language and the questionable activities of the characters are so profuse, and so hectically presented that the

law of the novelty /displeasure brake comes strongly into play. We may say : the book in any case was likely, by reason of its bulk, cost (and stylistic innovations), to have but a small circle of readers ; and the passages considered likely to cause a deterioration of morals are, on the contrary, calculated to excite sufficient disgust in any susceptible reader to deter him from the deterioration of behaviour the censor evidently feared. In other words, we must conclude that the censor mistakenly kept an anti-swearing and anti-brothel pamphlet from going on its reforming path among members of the ordinary reading public.

2. It is unquestionable that one of the most distressing products of intense civilization (multiplication of petty comforts, and of so called conveniences), in its urban centres, is the production of the *essentially vulgar and drab* lower middle class type of Leopold Bloom. "Ulysses" is almost entirely taken up with a hero of this sort ; and the counterpart to him, the intellectual Stephen Dædalus, becomes, by a sort of attraction (and possibly a mere failure of Mr Joyce to achieve his original intention), an embodiment of the person who has seen something high in life, but is abandoning himself to the outlook of a Bloom. The general atmosphere of the book is that of non-criticism of the nastiest part of modern life. The following considerations, I think, follow :

As by reason of the Dickensian stylistic and formal experimentation in its vast size "Ulysses" was likely to become a writer's book, and as writers are by the very nature of their craft, (if they are serious), possessed of hardened stomachs and therefore less likely to be disgusted with the book as a whole by reason of the obscenity, etc., than the ordinary reader is, it was to be foreseen that the book, appearing as it did in the post-war period of disillusionment, with a world that on first sight appeared very drab indeed, would have an influence on other writers, not merely in matter of style, but in matter of material as well. The book should therefore have attracted the censor's attention especially for its characters and its general atmosphere, as likely to have a deleterious effect on the work of other writers. There was no vital reason why, for the experiment of writing a massive novel round the freely-associated thoughts in one day of one individual, a negative character such as Bloom should have been chosen, and, by the choice, glorified.

3. As to whether any harmful effect of the book can, in spite

of prohibition, be felt, perhaps one must limit oneself here to saying that this is not the place to consider all the post-war writers of prose and verse who have started out on their work crippled by a disillusionment and a pre-occupation with the sordid which has been clearly confirmed, reinforced by the vast pageant example of "Ulysses." That the influence has been enormous, none can deny.

To what does this admission lead us? It leads us to what is practically a natural law of the dissemination of ideas: a law which any study of the history of letters in Russia would make quite clear: a law to the effect that it is to all intents impossible to prevent any really vital pioneer work by an author who has already some recognition from reaching the public for which (in the first stage of its development from innovation to classic), it is available. No censorship of "Ulysses" such as can be realised in XXth Century England has succeeded, or could have succeeded, in keeping the book from the hands of those from whom alone it is possible that, from the point of view of the good censor, it should be kept.

We reach, then, an impasse—provided only that we restrict the activities of the good censor to the negative function of the bad censor we have to-day. For the Censor is, we see, virtually powerless, except in regard to mass fiction and the daily press, to achieve any protection of the group from the unwisely innovating individual—if we restrict his activity to the negative function of the censor we have to-day.¹ The fact is, of course, that we are mistaken in conceiving of the censor as a negative policeman-like official with the power to prohibit our work—an official with whom, as writers, we are bound, if that is his nature, to be all, individually, and as a body, at permanent and bitter warfare. How absolutely unreasonable it is, too, that the censor should forcibly deter the harmful individual from harming the group; but never think of encouraging the useful individual to be useful to the group! What should then be done? What should the desirable, the good censor be?

The good family is unthinkable without a guiding head, the good school too, the football team without its captain. And in a good family, a good school, a good football team, who is there, except he be eccentrically constructed, or in ill-health, who does not submit willingly to the wise guidance of the wise head?

¹ To this we must add that, as experience has shown in other countries, a rash system of prohibition is prone to aggravate the class affected and increase the evil.

Similarly the sub-group of the nation consisting of writers, in order to be a healthy constructive part of the group, to the fulness of its ability, needs a guiding head; and were there one, our "good censor," the vast body, even though occasionally some hot-blooded tyro would rebel against the word of advice or admonition, the vast body would eventually recognise the wisdom of his word, and be guided by it. Because it would be their own word.

The good censor, the only kind for a moment to be tolerated, is first and foremost the constructive censor. His first qualifications would be, not a knowledge of the intricacies of the law, not even necessarily a knowledge of the making of books, but a knowledge as wide and humanly possible of the making of human society, the working of man's brain and the biology of society. The good censor shall be he who is at the summit of the body of writers at the summons of the body of writers, with whom he shall collaborate in his decisions, and who shall elect him because they alone, being first and foremost engaged in the study of man, specialists in this, are capable of estimating his suitability for the task. It is better that he should know all the significance of the various stages in the stylisation of the octopus on Cretan and Mycænean vases than what distinguishes a felon or how converted Saul considered man should behave.

But how, again, shall one man do all this? Easily, because the censor is but the summit of a body of writers whom I presuppose to become corporately conscious of their responsibilities to the larger group; placed there by them for their own convenience and benefit in the furtherance of their own ideals. He works with them, not against them.

The foundation for this corporate body of writers, moreover, already exists. It begins in that spontaneous consultation that goes on round every literary periodical. It only remains for a few to make a supreme effort, and that present or future anomaly, the policeman censor would be, to the general good, abolished for ever. Not merely the lower negative functions, but also the higher positive functions of that essential organ of an essential group in the nation would be undertaken by the body of writers themselves; not only whose selfish interests it vitally concerns, but whose very duty it is to see that they are a healthy member of their country, and, further, of the whole community of man.

An American Folk-Dramatist; Paul Green

BY ANDREW E. MALONE.

So much attention is being devoted in these days to the economy and the mass-production methods of the United States of America that all other aspects and activities of that large country are apt to be overlooked. People set out to discover why America is prosperous, but no one ventures upon the quest of how America thinks, feels, and recreates itself. What of the Arts in America? Knowledge of them is as meagre in books about the country as knowledge about profits and productive methods are superabundant. It is vaguely known that there are some American poets capable of ranking with the best in Europe; that there are many American novelists whose books are read on the Eastern side of the Atlantic; that the "jazz" which has deluged the world in noise is American in origin. But when painting and sculpture are mentioned no one seems to know whether anything of worth is being done. Of all the arts, however, it is the theatre and drama of America which are best known outside that country to-day. Throughout Europe the "slick" productions of the Broadway theatres are given the stage, and from London to Vienna there is a trail of such plays as *Broadway*, *The Gold-diggers*, *Hit the Deck*, and similar plays, which are as worthless as they are profitable. The musical comedy has become almost an American monopoly, and there is probably only one European musical play staged to-day for six American productions imported bodily from the New York theatres. All this tawdry theatrical stuff tends to give the critical European the impression that America must be itself a tawdry country, peopled by humans who have still to develop a critical faculty and to evolve a standard of taste. As speed, glitter, and vulgarity are the outstanding marks of the usual American play displayed to Europe, the critics of Europe sharply conclude that these are the marks of the American people.

That such a conclusion is magnificently wrong will hardly trouble the majority of Europeans, but nevertheless it must be pointed out as firmly as possible that there is in America a theatre and a drama which is as good as the best that Europe can show

in these days. When it is said, as it is with maddening insistence, that America is a "new" country devoid of traditions, and engaged in fashioning a new culture from a medley of races, it must again be insisted upon that there have been European settlements in what is now the United States for more than three hundred years. If the nations of Europe can achieve cultural traditions in three centuries, as many of them have, it is not to be doubted that communities in America can achieve similar results. The culture of Spain and Portugal was old when it crossed the Atlantic for the first time; French culture had reached a high standard when it, too, went West; and if the Pilgrim Fathers from Plymouth went to America in search of freedom, they did not leave England without cultural standards and artistic knowledge. In the representatives of these three nations was enshrined the traditions of the greater part of Europe, and if that tradition has been dumb for centuries it is now becoming known that it was continuous and constant. New York is no more America than either London or Paris is Europe. Indeed it is even less so, because while the arts of the theatre in London and Paris are mainly European, and typical of their respective nations, the theatre arts of New York are typical of that amazing city only; they do not in any way typify the theatre arts of the forty-eight States, each separate and distinct, which cover the vast area between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the St. Lawrence river and the Gulf of Mexico. It is in these States rather than in the great cosmopolitan metropolis that the true folk-culture of America is to be found; as it is from these States, many remote and almost isolated from the New York contamination, that genuine American drama may be expected.

The United States is just beginning to realise that there is within its boundaries a rural population with an inexhaustible fund of folk wisdom and with native turns of speech and idiom. These farmers, cowboys, lumbermen, negroes, and the rest have as little connection with New York as they have with London; in tradition, in interest, in speech, and in habits they are communities separate and distinct, and to themselves sufficing. It is from among these people, of the South and the Middle-West, that a native folk-drama is emerging, and already Europe has been captivated by at least one of the plays, *Sun-Up*, by Lula Vollmer.

It is, perhaps, of some significance that the most important of the folk-plays up to the present have come from natives of North Carolina ; as it may be noted that courses in Folk Drama have been conducted for more than ten years in the University of North Carolina by Professor F. H. Koch. Ireland has had a considerable influence upon the development of folk drama since the foundation of the Abbey Theatre in 1904, and there is no reason to doubt that this influence, particularly in the plays of J. M. Synge and Lady Gregory, has been very marked in the American folk-drama. Since the visit of the Abbey Theatre Company to the United States in 1911 interest in the development of folk drama has grown steadily, until now there are several excellent writers of such drama in the United States, and some of their plays have even crossed the Atlantic to London and Dublin. It is to an American dramatist, however, that the earliest folk performances, and an earnest advocacy of such drama, may be credited : Mr. Percy Mackaye had persistently called attention to the material awaiting the hand of the dramatist in rural America, and he had himself written some plays which may be included as folk-drama. The first play of what has since become an important movement was Mr. Mackaye's *This Fine-pretty World*, produced at the Neighbourhood Playhouse in 1923, and in the same year were produced folk plays by Lulu Vollmer and Hatcher Hughes. All these dramatists are North Carolinians, and it was from that same State three years later there came the first play by Paul Green, who is in achievement and promise the greatest of them all, and who seems destined to take rank as the greatest of contemporary American dramatists ere many years have passed.

In the course of a letter to his friend Barrett H. Clark, who has acted throughout as his good angel, Paul Green wrote in 1926 what is the basis of all his dramatic and other literary work. "And so it is," he said, "that back with my own folks on the farm in North Carolina in such settings as these I can't help feeling that they are experiencing life that no art can compass. . . . There among them I felt at home as I'll never feel at home elsewhere. The smell of their sweaty bodies, the gusto of their indecent jokes, the knowledge of their twisted philosophies, the sight of their feet entangled among the pea vines and the grass, their shouts, grunts and belly-achings, the sun blistering down upon them and the rim of the sky enclosing

them forever, all took me wholly, and I was one of them—neither black nor white, but one of them, children of the moist earth under foot.” It reads strangely like Synge’s “Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve and Fand,” with its expressed determination to

Stretch in Red Dan Sally’s ditch,
And drink in Tubber Fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly’s bitch,
The badger and the hare.

That the two dramatists are temperamentally akin there can be no doubt, and it is probable that the young American has, consciously or unconsciously, absorbed something from the great Irishman. The American is more fortunate than the Irishman in that he has received the recognition of his own countrymen at an early stage in his career: he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his fine play *In Abraham’s Bosom*, in 1927, so that he has already achieved distinction without the financial backing to which his compatriots seem to attach so much importance.

Paul Green was born in 1894, on a farm in the State of North Carolina. During his boyhood and early youth he attended school only for a few months each winter, the spring and summer being entirely absorbed by his work on his father’s farm. Later he attended the Academy for some years, and at the age of twenty became a teacher in a country school for two years. In 1916 he entered at the University of North Carolina, but left in 1917 to serve with the American Army in Europe. Enlisting as a private in the Engineers, he rose through all the grades to Second Lieutenant before he was demobilised, and returned to his University in 1919. Two years later he graduated, but continued to do post-graduate work at his *alma mater* and Cornell until his appointment as a member of the staff of North Carolina University in the Faculty of Philosophy. He would appear to have begun to write at an early age; stories, songs, character-sketches, verse, and one-act plays: but it was only after he had returned to his University from the war that his plays began to be heard of in his home-State. It was about 1920 that his one-act plays dealing with the life of the white and black population of his State began to attract attention, and in these very early plays he showed unmistakable signs of a remarkable dramatic

talent. He showed that he had much to say that was new and which was worth saying ; but no less did he show that he had the technical equipment necessary to get his people on to a stage and to make them come alive there. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he has stated that he was unacquainted with the theatre and that the first play of any kind he ever saw performed was one of his own with which he had won a competition as a freshman at his University. " Before writing that play," he says, " I had read only one play and part of another—all of *Hamlet* and part of *Julius Caesar*." This would have been in 1917.

In the period of twelve years which has elapsed since that first play was staged Paul Green has written and published twenty-seven plays, but that first prize-winning play, and several others evidently, have never been given to the printer. All his plays, with the exception of *The Field God* and the revised version of *In Abraham's Bosom*, are in one act, and he would seem to get his best effects in that abbreviated form. The two longer plays are so largely episodic that they might very appropriately be described as series of one act plays. But even if that be so, such a play as *The Field God* deserves more attention from critics than it received when it was produced by the London Gate Theatre Studio in October, 1927. Of the production Mr. James Agate said : " This proved to be a very dull business. Once again one would suggest that it does not follow that because some plays about people in dinner-jackets are bad, all plays about clodhoppers in hobnailed boots are necessarily good." When the critic came to close quarters with the play and attempted to quote lines, he went so badly astray that he rendered his criticism worthless to anyone who was familiar with the theme and the text. " ' There are no Christians, Jews, Hottentots, Eskimos—only people,' " Mr. Agate pretends to quote from the play ; " which is about as sensible as to say ' There are no Shires, Shetlands, Hackneys, Clydesdales, Percherons, Thoroughbreds—only horses'." What Mr. Green actually made his character, Hardy Gilchrist, say was this : " And he's a good man, and still he tells a little lie about me and Sandy's coloured gal. . . . You see, Neill, people like such stuff ; it's excitement, something to interest 'em. Deep down they ain't Christian, Jew or Gentile, black or white, but just people. And people are quare, Neill,

quare." As everyone knows that all, Jew or Gentile, black or white, love malicious gossip, and that the same malicious gossip often has tragic consequences, all the stuff about Clydesdales and Percherons is just one way of misunderstanding a fine play and riding away with the misunderstanding disguised as wisdom.

It is possible that Mr. Agate's heavy-handed criticism may have dissuaded other theatres from staging *The Field God*; but despite that misapprehensive castigation it remains a very fine play, and well worthy of attention from producers in search of novelty. Like Mr. Green himself, our theatre, in so far as his plays are concerned, "for the present is the published play." "The American professional stage . . . is an industry," he has discovered, "and not an art, as I had thought. . . . it is a business run to the pattern of supply and demand . . . Imagination has taken refuge in mechanics." Nevertheless, *The Field God* had a fair run at the Greenwich Village Theatre in 1927, and *In Abraham's Bosom* was produced by the Provincetown Players at the end of 1926, revived several times since, twice sent on tour of the States, and plans are now being prepared for a very extensive tour of the play in the middle west. These two plays, with two others in rehearsal now but not yet published, are Mr. Green's longest and most important contributions to the drama of the ordinary theatre; it is hardly possible that his one-act plays will ever become popular through the commercial theatre, although they have already been played with much success by many repertory theatres. *The Field God*, 1925, is concerned with a farming family in the eastern part of North Carolina. There is Hardy Gilchrist and his wife, Etta; Rhoda Campbell, Mrs. Gilchrist's niece, and the young farm-hand, Neill Sykes, who is in love with her. Mrs. Gilchrist is a most ostentatiously devout woman, madly jealous of her husband's attention to her niece. Inevitably the jealousy of the wife throws the two people together, and Neill Sykes commits suicide. When Mrs. Gilchrist dies, there is an outburst of religious fanaticism amongst her neighbours, fanned by a travelling cleric who is own cousin to Elmer Gantry, and they all come to the Gilchrist home to pray for the conversion of Hardy. In the end Hardy and Rhoda are left preparing to start a new life together.

Many of the scenes in the play read so dramatically that they could not fail to rivet attention on the stage. The scene of the

religious meeting in Gilchrist's house would bring roars of laughter in any theatre in Europe ; if that scene be drawn from life, it is one of the finest pictures of irony the contemporary drama has to show. In this play all the principal characters are white folk, but it would seem that between white and black there is little difference when they come to religious scenes in which their emotions can have full play.

In Abraham's Bosom, 1925, is concerned mainly with the struggle of a negro to "rise above his station." It is a revised and expanded version of the one-act play of the same title written in 1924 and published in 1926. To some extent it resembles *The Emperor Jones*, mainly in the fact that its central character is a negro and that its structure is in six loosely-connected scenes. Abraham McCranie is the black son of a white father. He is "different" from his fellow-negroes without knowing exactly why, and endeavours by study to get away from the brutality of the McCranie plantations. He begins by opening a school for negro youngsters, but the hostility of the whites and the apathy of the blacks defeat him. He marries Goldie McAllister, and has a son named Douglass. In turn he goes to many places in his efforts to rouse the negro from his servile state, but everywhere the effort results in his expulsion. Meanwhile his own family is in extreme poverty, existing only on the charity, slavishly earned, of the McCranie landowner. His son Douglass grows to be an idler and a loafer, who finally brings about his father's defeat and death. Abraham had decided to make a great effort in his native place and had called a meeting of negroes for that purpose, but Douglass gave tidings of this to the plantation owners. On his way to the meeting Abraham was accosted and mocked by Lonnie McCranie, the son of the plantation-owner. In the struggle that ensued Abraham kills Lonnie and flees to his home to gather his belongings for yet another hurried retreat ; but hardly has he reached his home when he is besieged by outraged white and coloured neighbours eager for revenge. They call upon him to come out, and as he does so he is riddled by a volley from many rifles. "It's the only way to have peace, peace !" comes a voice from the crowd as the curtain falls.

It was this play which received the Pulitzer Prize in 1927, and anyone who is familiar with it will be forced to admit that the award was richly deserved. It is one of the most significant

plays of our time ; not significant for America only, but for all who have human frustration constantly in mind. Abraham's tragedy is apparently of small account, but he is typical of his race ; and the tragedy is not entirely one of environment. In any other environment his vanity and pomposity would lead inevitably to his downfall. In the course of the six scenes Mr. Green throws a very vivid and terrible light upon the conditions of the black folk in his State, so that when the play is known much also is known about the great colour-problem in the United States. Pity there will be for Abraham, but how the problem which he represents is to be solved is not the business of the dramatist. Sufficient for him that he has shown in masterly fashion how the tragedy of Abraham can be brought about ; a white Abraham would be equally pitiable, and there are many such in the range of European drama. What Mr. Green has done is to place his story in novel surroundings and so demonstrate that negroes, like the rest of us, are " just people ".

It was in 1920 that Paul Green began his career as a regular dramatist with the production of his plays in the Play House of Chapel Hill, in North Carolina. This Play House, and the company called the Playmakers, are connected with Professor Koch's Department of the University. According to Mr. Barrett Clark, Professor Koch " is too wise to try to ' teach ' any system of dramatic technique. His students ask advice and consult him and their fellow-workers, and when a script is ready it is acted by the Playmakers." To have such a little theatre ready to stage the early work of the apprentice dramatist is a boon which may be envied, and if such encouragement can produce great dramatists, the United States should soon demonstrate that it is worth while. There is no doubt that it has already amply demonstrated that dramatic technique, the well-made play in the new mode, can be utilised by Americans to the satisfaction of the commercial theatre-manager in Europe and America ; but genius is another matter. Some genius has been assisted in this way : the Abbey Theatre once gave such assistance to aspiring dramatists, and that theatre at Chapel Hill seems to have assisted Paul Green, at least to the extent of staging his first plays. In *The Last of the Lowries* it staged in 1920 one of the most popular of the Carolina folk-plays, which is described by its author as " A Play of the Croatan Outlaws of Robeson County, North Carolina." It might

be called a "gang-war" play: four of the Lowries, the father and his three sons, had already been killed in the feud, and when the youngest son, Henry ventures to his home to see his mother, he, too, is caught. "Thar's all that's left o' them I loved . . . a bundle o' clothes to show for my man an' four grown sons. . . . And you'll all sleep quiet at the last. . . . But they're all gone, and what call hev I got to be living more . . ." It sounds very like old Maurya's lament in *Riders to the Sea*. "They're all gone now. . . ."; but a young dramatist is expected to be imitative and is none the worse if his models be good. In this little play Paul Green uses his local material to such excellent effect that "man's inhumanity to man" is made into a very powerful and grimly real presentation of conditions which are as native to Europe as to Carolina. On the stage *The Last of the Lowries* should touch the emotions of even the most sophisticated playgoer, so that its popularity in its native State is easy to understand.

In 1920 there was also staged a one-act play of that negro life which is becoming characteristic of Paul Green; but this came after two other little plays, *Old Wash Lucas* and *The Old Man of Edenton*, which are of no more than passing interest. In *White Dresses*, however, there is treated a theme which evoked all that was in the dramatist. Apparently it is just an ordinary tale of a black girl in love with a white man, but massed behind that simple tale is the residuum of slavery. The girl is forced by the boy's father to marry one of her own race whom she detests, in order that his son may be saved from the misalliance. The old grandmother of the girl suggests that the boy and the girl, one white and the other black, are children of the same father, a condition which repeats itself in many of Paul Green's plays, and which is evidently a feature of life in North Carolina. It is the old woman who states the tragedy in the words which end the play: "I knows yo' feelings, chile, but you's gut to smother 'em in. You's gut to smother 'em in." In this play is all the sorrow of the American negro, stated in language that is always apt and in a form that is dramatic. There can be no doubt that Mr. Green knows his negroes, and that he can make of them literature and drama.

In 1921 there were two plays, both one-act, dealing with the white folk of Carolina, *The Lord's Will* and *Blackbeard*, but these were little more than experiments in technique. Then for two

years there was an evident blank, as nothing was published ; but in 1923 it was demonstrated that the two years were used to some purpose. In that year there were no fewer than six one-act plays published, of which at least three are of more than local interest and worthy of closer examination. *The Prayer Meeting* is a study of the effects of the white man's religion upon the negro, and in staging such a prayer-meeting Mr. Green has brought the mind of the negro to a point where it can be studied, and perhaps understood, by Europeans.

In *The No 'Count Boy* is presented another side of the negro mentality, a side which is charming and which is likely to attract large audiences in a theatre. It is the simple love idyll of a negro boy who swaggers and boasts in order to attract the attention of a girl. The climax when he is caught and taken home by his mother is tragi-comedy of the best kind ; a dream is shattered for the boy, but for the audience there are only the circumstances surrounding the shattering. This play won the David Belasco Cup in 1925, and it is very well worthy of presentation in one of our theatres. In *The Man Who Died at Twelve O'Clock* is shown the credulity of the simple-minded negro. Two young negroes desire to marry, but are faced with opposition from an old man. They so play upon his credulity that he believes he is dead, and the way is made clear. A very simple little play, yet is it packed with knowledge of negro life and belief. Uncle January walking forth and proclaiming the wonders of life after death would certainly be a novel experience in the theatre. In *Aunt Mahaly's Cabin*, 1924, is what Mr. Green calls a negro melodrama. Two negroes have killed a white man and have sought refuge in a deserted cabin which was once the home of one Aunt Mahaly, reputed to be a witch. The fears of the two men gradually grow into delirium, in which ghosts appear. They fight ; and one kills the other after he has been himself mortally wounded. In his dying moments there passes before his mind all he had heard of the practices of Aunt Mahaly. It has been called "an elaborate pageant of dramatised folk-lore," and this is surely the label that best suits its fantasy. There seems to be some affinity with *The Emperor Jones*, but Green's play is much more simple and childlike than O'Neill's. In *The End of the Row* and the one-act version of *In Abraham's Bosom* is depicted the negro who desires to improve his lot in the world : a woman in the first, and a man

in the second, play. In *The End of the Row* a young negress is anxious to improve her position by the assistance of a white man; but the motives of the man are very mixed, and the girl surrenders. The action of the play is confined to the rest hour in the sweltering sun of a cotton field, and the dialogue is as tense and highly-charged as will be found in any contemporary play.

In 1925 came the two long plays which are up to the present Paul Green's most considerable achievements; *The Field God* is in three acts, and *In Abraham's Bosom* in six episodic scenes. Both plays were rejected many times before they were eventually staged, and before the Pulitzer Prize was awarded to one of them. In a sense these two plays summarise all that their author has said in his one-act plays; in *The Field God* is presented the Carolina of the whites, and *Abraham's Bosom* presents the black folk. In both plays there is some remarkably fine writing, and groups of people who live in the memory. No one who has read or seen the play will readily forget Abraham McCranie, and the tormented group in *The Field God* is just as vividly drawn, if not so novel to a white audience.

In the early part of last year there was published in a volume entitled *In the Valley*, a collection of eleven one-act plays, of which some had been published previously, but the majority of which were new. In such plays as *Quare Medicine* and *Unto Such Glory* are farcical scenes such as Lady Gregory delighted to use, but there is used language which would probably lead to some heartburnings in an Irish theatre. These people who are used by Mr. Green are rather more than Rabelaisian in their humour; often they are to the European mind distinctly revolting. It may be that their isolation and their close contact with the nature of the farmyard restricts their vocabulary, and their imagery, to animal doings; so they are loose-spoken and rowdy, but quite plainly and recognisably human. Some of the little plays in the volume are so slight that they hardly merit the name of plays at all; some are sombre pieces, tragic and haunting, others are poetic and imaginative, and some are little etchings outlined by a master hand. The title-play of the volume, *In the Valley*, is one of those beautiful studies of negro life which only Paul Green knows how to present.

For the present his dramatic work must be left there. He says that his life-work will be to present the community in which

he was born in plays, stories, and verses, so that "unknown America" may become known. In his plays he has done that, and in his short stories and sketches he does something which cannot be done on the stage; so he uses the two forms in accordance with the needs of his materials. At present he is in Germany, and it is possible that he will bring from that country something of the new spirit in dramatic technique which is to be found there. It would be interesting to see one of Green's plays in the technique of Toller, but the prospect is not overwhelmingly attractive, and it may be hoped that he will continue to use the technique in which he has done so much that is excellent. "I haven't any dramatic technique," he once told an interviewer, "I merely tell the story episode by episode. It seems to me absurd to try to force a story into a definite mould, demanding three well-divided scenes, with a climax for each curtain and a cut-and-dried denouement." None of his plays fit any mould, and it is possible that they would offend all those people in his own country who undertake to show how a play can be written. They are "slices of life" in his native land, presented with all the insequent accuracy of Sean O'Casey. Like Sean O'Casey, too, he can evoke the physical environment in which his people live without adventitious aid: the swampy, sandy, semi-tropical fields of North Carolina would envelope his audiences and his characters.

It is yet too soon to suggest that Paul Green is going to be one of the great dramatists of the world, but it is not too soon to say that he is rich in achievement and that he is a portent in American drama.

After Fourteen Years

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

Nicholas Coleman arrived in B—— on a fair day. The narrow streets were full of cattle that lurched and lounged dangerously as the drovers goaded them out of the way of passing cars. The air was charged with smells and dust and noise. Jobbers swung their sticks and shouted at one another across the street. Shopkeepers displayed their wares and haggled with customers on the high pavements. Around the monument of the Maid of Erin in the marketplace shrill-voiced women sold apples, cigarettes and lemonade, while great burly farmers with shrewd ascetic faces under their black Spanish hats jostled him as they passed.

He was glad when he succeeded in getting his business done and could leave the town for a while. It unnerved him. Above the roofs one could see always the clear grey-green of a hill that rose sharply over the town and seemed as if at any moment it might fall and crush it. The sea road was better. There were carts on it too, and creels passed full of squealing animals; but at least one had the great bay with its many islands and its zone of hills through which sunlight and shadow circulated ceaselessly, without effort, like the flowing of water. The surface of the bay was very calm, and it seemed as if a rain of sunlight were pelting upon a bright flagstone, and being thrown back again in glittering spray, so that when one looked at it for long it dazzled the eye. Three or four fishing smacks, and a little railway steamer with a bright red funnel were all the life that the bay held.

He had his dinner over an old shop in the marketplace, though he ate little. The farmers and jobbers pressed him into conversation, but he had nothing to say; they talked of prices and crops, the Government and the County Council, about all of which he knew scarcely anything. Eventually they let him be.

After dinner he climbed the hill that led out of the town. The traffic had grown less; he climbed, and as the town sank back against the growing circle of the bay it seemed a quiet place enough; too quiet perhaps. He felt something like awe as he went up the trim gravel path to the convent. "At seven," he thought, "the train will take me back to the city. I shall never see this place again, never!"

But his heart beat faster when the lay sister showed him into the bare parlour, with its crucifix, its polished floor, its wide-open windows that let in a current of cool air.

At last she came; a slim figure in black, with starched white facings; he scarcely looked at her, but took her hand, embarrassed and silent. She too was embarrassed.

They sat together on a garden seat from which he saw again the town and the bay, even more quiet now. He heard nothing of its noise but the screech of a train as it entered the station. Her eyes took it all in dispassionately, and now and again he glanced shyly up at her fine profile. That had not changed, and he wondered whether he had altered as little as she. Yet—there was a change! Her face had lost something, perhaps it was its intensity, both its roughness and its tenderness. She looked happier and stronger.

"And Kate?" she asked, "how is she?"

"Oh, Kate is very well. They have a nice house in Passage—you know that Tom has got a school in Passage. It is just over the river—the house, I mean; sometimes I go down to them on a Sunday evening. . . . They have five children now; the eldest is sixteen."

"Yes, of course—Marie! Why, she was called after me. She is my godchild."

"Yes, fancy, I had forgotten! . . . You used always be with Kate then."

"Marie has written to me on my feastday, ever since she was nine."

"Has she? I didn't know that. They don't talk to me about it."

A faint flush mounted her cheek, and they were silent for a moment.

"Kate writes to me off and on too—but you know Kate! It was from her I heard of your mother's death. . . . That must have been a terrible blow to you."

"Yes, it was very sudden. I was the only one with her when it came."

"We had Mass for her here. How did she die? Was she——?"

"She died hard."

"Oh!"

Her lips moved silently for a little.

"I have never forgotten her. She was so gentle, so—so unobtrusive, and Fair Hill used to be such a happy place then, before Kate married, when there were only the three of ourselves. . . . I used to come up there from the city after school. . . . And so the house is gone?"

"Yes, the house is gone."

"And Jennifer? The parrot?"

"Jennifer died long ago. She choked herself trying to eat an apple."

"And Jasper?"

"Jasper, too. An Alsatian killed him. I have another now, a sheepdog, a great lazy fellow. He has made friends with the Kerry Blue next door, and the Kerry Blue catches rabbits for him. He is fond of rabbits, but he is so big, so big and lazy!"

"You are in lodgings. Why didn't you go to live with Kate and Tom? You know they would have been glad to have put you up."

"Why should I? They were married; they had children at the time; they needed the house for themselves. . . . Besides, you know what I am. I'm a simple fellow; I'm not a bit clever; I don't read books. What would Tom and his friends from the University have thought of me?"

"No, you used to spend all your time in the country. I remember you getting up at five and going out with the dogs, around White's Cross and back by Ballyvolane. Do you still do that?"

"Yes, every fine morning and most Sundays. But I had to give up the birds when mother died."

"Ah, yes! The birds! I remember them too, and how beautifully they sang." She laughed quietly. "The other girls envied me so much because of the birds' eggs you used to give me, and I swapped them for other things and came back to you pretending I had lost them or that they had been broken. . . . Ah well! And you are still in the factory."

"Still in the factory! . . . You were right, you see. Do you remember you said I would stick there till I died? You used to be angry with me then, and I would give a spurt and No. I never had any ambition—not much anyway, and as well be there as any place else. . . . And now I am so used

to it that I couldn't leave it if I wanted to. I live so quietly that even coming here has been too much of an adventure for me. I shall be glad to get home."

"Yes, I can understand that."

"Can you? You used to be different."

"Yes, but things are different here. One works. One doesn't think. One doesn't want to think. I used to lie abed until ten at one time; now I am up at half-past five every morning. I am kept busy all day. I sleep sound. I don't dream. And I hate anything that comes to disturb the routine. I hate being ill, being in bed, listening to the others and not working."

"And you don't get into panics any longer? You don't weep? You are not ambitious any longer?—that is strange. . . . Yes, it is good to have one's life settled, to fear nothing and hope for nothing."

"Do you still go to early Mass?"

"Yes, just as before."

They fell into silence again. A little mist was rising from the town; one side of the bay was flanked with gold; a cool wind from the sea blew up to them, stirring the thick foliage and tossing her light black veil. She rose.

"What are your lodgings like?" she asked, her cheeks reddening. "I hope you look after yourself and that they feed you properly. You used to be so careless."

"Oh, yes, yes . . . And you—how do you find the climate here? Better than the city?"

"Oh, of course," she answered wearily, "it is milder here."

They paced silently up the path to the convent, and parted as they had met, awkwardly, almost without looking at one another. He felt that within herself she was trying desperately, with anguish, to formulate his name and speak it without emotion, even as he was trying to formulate hers.

"No," he thought, as he passed through the convent gate, "that is over!" But he knew that for days, perhaps for months, birds and dogs, flowers, his early-morning walks through the country, the trees in summer, all these things that had given him pleasure would give him nothing but pain. The farmers coming from the fair, shouting to one another forward and behind from their lumbering carts, brought to his mind his dreams of yesterday, and he grieved that God had created men without the innocence

of natural things, had created them subtle and capricious, with memories in which the past existed like a statue, perfect and unapproachable.

And as the train carried him back to the city the clangour of its iron wheels that said "ruthutta ruthutta ruthutta" dissolved into a bright mist of conversation in which he could distinctly hear a woman's voice, but the voice said nothing; it was like memory, perfect and unapproachable; and his mind was weighed down by an infinite melancholy that merged with the melancholy of the dark countryside through which he passed—a countryside of lonely steelbright pools that were islanded among the silhouettes of hills and trees.

And the train took him ever farther and farther away, and said with its metallic voice:—

"Ruthutta ruthutta ruthutta!"

Further Assurances

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Ambrose Bierce.—In the February number of H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury* there is an article by Carey McWilliams on the American writer, Ambrose Bierce, whose tales have been praised by Arnold Bennett and other worthies. But Mr. McWilliams thinks that Bierce should be esteemed less for his tales than for his powers as a writer of satire and invective. It seems that most of Bierce's writing in this kind still lies in old files of Californian papers. However, Mr. McWilliams gives a specimen. It is a public letter to a man who Bierce thought had wronged him.

You disclosed considerable forethought, Mr. Pixley, in improving the occasion to ask for lenity, but I can see nothing in the situation to encourage your hope. You and your kind will have to cultivate fortitude in the future as in the past ; for assuredly I love you as little as ever. Perhaps it is because I am a trifle dazed that I can discern no connection between my mischance and your solemn ' Why persecutest thou me ? ' You must permit me to think the question incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial,—the mere trick of a passing rascal swift to steal advantage from opportunity. Your *ex post facto* impersonification of the Great Light is an ineffective performance : it is only in your undisguised character of sycophant and slanderer for hire that you shine above.

That, put alongside of some of the performances in the same line of Léon Bloy, whom I wrote about in the last number of this magazine, seems as futile and awkward as a man with one leg playing football. It is sheer abuse and too ponderous to get home. The reader's attention is kept on the way it is written, and he feels that the man who wrote it is showing off ; so the victim, the man who is to be knocked out, is lost sight of. Léon Daudet and Laurent Tailhade, neither so good as Bloy at the business, have turned out scores of pages which make Bierce's invective look like a literary recreation. So has even Edgar Allan Poe, as inferior to the two just mentioned as they are to Bloy—see, *inter alia*, his attack on Thomas Dunn English. Bierce's piece has the pomposity, the slow movement and rotund phrase of rhetorical orators or oratorical rhetoricians. Junius is an example that occurs to me, but there are certainly worse than Junius. If Bierce's letter were published to-morrow in

The Congressional Record as the outpouring of the Senator from Mississippi or of the representative of the fifth Congressional district of New Jersey, nobody would think it unusual or out of place. It is that kind of thing.

All I have read of Bierce are his stories. Whether they be good or not as stories, there is nothing in the style of them to justify Gertrude Atherton's rainbow cry that Bierce as a writer of English beats all the Americans, and is on a level with Swift and Pope. Bierce's style creaks. It bears very definite marks of the time of its formation—around the eighteen-fifties. It belongs to the beaver-hat and stock period. It is antiquated without being old. It tends to be pompous, as in the piece I have given. Now, there were contemporaries of Bierce who have come along very fresh—Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days," a good deal of Mark Twain, some others too. But Bierce, to speak only of his style, comes along no fresher than the orations of Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun.

Gertrude Atherton.—What has become of this Queen of the Pacific Slope? Is she still writing? Of late years little has been heard of her. Her books no doubt have sold well, but she has never been treated with the respect she deserves. Surely, two or three of her novels are among the best ever written by Americans. They are really works of imagination, and on a big scale, like Balzac's. Beside them the performances of her sister in the trade, Mrs. Wharton, seem anæmic. Certainly I know enough to put the brake on my admiration for Mrs. Atherton; I don't say she is the best woman-writer living. I don't say she is as good as Stella Benson; but what living woman-writer in any country is as good as Stella Benson?

Bulwer-Lytton.—The other day on the Quai in Paris I found an old copy of "Ernest Maltravers"—perhaps the first edition—and starting to read it in the evening I continued all night. Here is another who does not get the respect which is his due. Hardly a thing he put his hand to which he did not do surpassingly well. Yet in these days of revivals he is not revived. M. André Maurois, who has lately written about him in the course of his explorations in English literature, treats him with an irony which is in very bad taste. It may be asked if he knows much more about Bulwer than gossip about his poses and his wife. Bulwer wrote

some of the best novels of his time ; like Villiers de l'Isle-Adam he was laughed at by his contemporaries who imitated and pillaged him. Heaven only knows what Edgar Allan Poe owed to Bulwer. It were a curious and not unpleasant task to trace some developments in quite modern literature back to him. His *Life of Schiller*, for instance, is a model of the kind of biography so popular to-day. Andrew Lang, an expert in the matter, says : " There is no better romance of the supernatural than ' A Strange Story.' "

" A Strange Story," with " The Haunted and the Haunters ; " may be found in French lying among other books of occult lore in Chacornac's window down by the riverside in Paris. Lytton's book is highly esteemed by the adepts who frequent the place. I sometimes go there. It is not like an ordinary bookshop. A great quiet is on all things. They talk in a whisper, or not at all ; for what is the use of speech to those who know the hidden lore ? If you choose a book and offer to pay for it the one you speak to starts from a troubled dream. When a stranger enters he is eyed with a little uneasiness by the customers who seem to ask themselves if he be one of the initiated. Or perhaps they read in his soul and see a mark on it ? For here are those who sup with the devil, haunted faces and tired, nigromancers and witches who have made the bargain and are banished from before God's face. As they look out on the towers of the Notre-Dame their hands writhe somewhat ; for has not their master, Sathanas, erewhile scaled those very towers ?

One day in Chacornac's a woman addressed me by my name. It was towards the end of a day of rain. I was very low in body and mind. She spoke to me by my name and I had never seen her before. Now, you will say that I had seen her and had forgotten. But that, I think, never happens with me : I never forget a face. Then, of course, mine is one of those tribal names which are borne by many up and down the earth. There is a French family and a Spanish with my name. But she called me too by my first name, which is the little distinction I have in this sorry world.

" Vincent O'Sullivan, I can tell you where your fortune lies hid."

I shook my head without speaking. I could see she was the wife of the devil.

But after what I have since gone through, if I were to see her again, and she were to call me by name——

Tancrède Martel.—Some weeks ago an old man of seventy-five was found dead in his lodging. His death was said to be due to cold and lack of food. The coverings on his bed were thin and mean and his feet were bare. He had been dead several days.

This was Tancrède Martel, poet, novelist, historian, playwright. His death received considerable notice in the press, and his death made his name known to a wider public than it had ever been in his life. That a man who had worked so hard and long at his craft should thus give up the ghost, destitute and forsaken, stirred the public imagination, at least for a moment, by shewing the precarious nature of the writer's life and the woes which can assail it. It seems that if the rent of his lodging had not been already paid by a friend, the old poet would have died under the arches of a bridge.

Such an end might shock, but would hardly surprise, in an author whose works were difficult and recondite. But it was not so with Tancrède Martel. He had written four plays and they had all been staged, two of them at the Comédie-Francaise and the Odéon. According to the publisher's list, most of his novels are in the fifth and sixth editions. Apparently he had no vices. He lived in the capital city of his own people and nation where he had friends, some of them going back to the days of his youth. He was sociable even in his last years. A saying of his which has been reported throws a cruel light on the society of to-day. To a certain man wishing to help him who proposed to make a discreet appeal for funds, "For Heaven's sake," cried the poet, "don't let people know I am poor. Every door will be shut against me."

There is a story about him which is ironical and lugubrious. Just after the war he published an historical work, "*Julien and Marguerite de Ravalet (1582-1603)*." This is a book of considerable research and very well done, and it was awarded a prize of ten-thousand francs—at the post-war value of the franc. Such as it was, that prize proved to be the undoing of the unfortunate poet. He was inconsiderate enough to go on living, and his circumstances grew ever harder; but if a friend spoke of him to those who might have aided he was always met with the reply, "Tancrède Martel? Oh, he's all right. Didn't he

get the prize of ten-thousand francs? ” They thought the ten-thousand francs—about £80—with life growing dearer and dearer, should last indefinitely.

I had never read anything of his, but since his death I have. He was more of an historian than anything else; most of his plays and novels have an historical foundation. He might have won success and money if he had used his knowledge to manufacture the “romanced biography” which is the fashion of the hour, or even to write serious historical sketches in a dramatic style after the manner of Lenôtre. Certainly he would not have come anywhere near Lenôtre, the master of them all—English, American, French, German, Italian, or Russian—who by some inexplicable stupidity has never got his due in France and is not in the Academy, where so many sit who are not worthy to mend his pens. Poor Tancrède Martel was not of Lenôtre’s height; still, he knew some periods of French history very well indeed and could write entertainingly.

But he choose to employ his gifts on a kind of book which I personally find extremely tiresome—the historical novel in which historical figures are not only brought into play, but piffing talk invented for them. “What I mean to say is this,” exclaimed Robespierre. “Not so fast, my friend,” replied Danton, etc. He never expresses *himself*: whatever bitterness he may have felt against the world for its scurvy treatment does not come out in his books. One of his last, named *Ce que Côtent les Rêves*, is not, as might be supposed from this title, a personal confession, but a novel of the French Revolution. As a novel it has little value, but the history is sound and it gives a good picture of the time, within its limits. I cannot explain those limits better than by saying it would make an excellent book for a convent-school. If any superiors of convent-schools read this magazine, I would recommend it to them as a good book to interest their pupils in that period of history. It is written in French which is quite pure and not hard for a foreigner, and its politics are moderate—if not decidedly royalist, certainly not revolutionary.

Till the war, and for a little while after, Tancred Martel managed to live on what he earned by writing for the newspapers. Then one day it was decided that the newspapers must be remodelled to suit the tastes of a new and Americanized generation, and a number of heads were sacrificed to make room for more

spicy performers, "live wires," goats with "pep." Tancred Martel was one of the first to be kicked out, because there was nothing to fear from him. The man was well-mannered and gentle, and when his manuscripts were thrown back at him by an office-boy he would go away without a word.

It is strange that his friends did not do more for him : some of them are in high place. It is said the rent of his room was paid by the present Naval Minister in the Poincaré Cabinet, who is also a millionaire ; he and Martel had been friends from their youth. In England with such friends Tancred Martel would have got a government pension. That, after all, is the best method which has yet been found to aid writers who are old and ill, or who, like Tancred Martel, have passed their vogue and have no longer a price in the market. Private bounty is uncertain, for it depends on the whim of the giver, as De Quincey points out very well in speaking of the allowance granted by the Wedgwoods to the unhappy Coleridge, who lived in terror lest the bounty should be withdrawn on some plea or other. Besides, that kind of thing involves excruciating humiliation, for few have the gift of giving or can avoid regarding with insolence and contempt a man they know to be poor and to whom they have given money. Dr. Johnson with his government pension was independent ; without it he would have depended on the Thrales, or died of ills brought on by poverty, like Goldsmith. Some years ago in the United States I was employed by a group of people who were organizing a benefit for a writer who had certainly done his share of work in the heat of the day, and now, at evening, was tired and impoverished. It was my business to go about among rich people seeking adhesions. Some just refused ; some refused brutally ; some pronounced little discourses to the effect that if Mr. X had conducted his life differently he would not in his age have had to appeal to the charitable. It was all very humiliating for the beneficiary, and I was vicariously humiliated. Never did I feel more strongly the advantage and dignity of the government pension in such cases.

Facts and Fables.—All that there is to know about Poe must by now have been dredged up. Mrs. Phillips' book, "Edgar Allan Poe, the Man," is the very levigation of Poe's history. What it is essential to know about him was known long ago.

It is not of much interest to know whether he lived at 57 or 59 Carmine Street, or on what terms he was on with certain *larvae* who survive only by their connexion with him. It is also useless to defend him against the charges of drinking and ingratitude. Those who obliged him were the obliged, whatever they may have thought themselves.

What is needed by any one who would deal with the life of Poe at present is enough critical sense to situate the facts and give them their relative value. This implies a knowledge of the America of his time, which it is idle to infer from the America of to-day. Not long ago I published an article on Poe in a French magazine, and in the course of it I said that the only art which Poe really cared about was literature, and that his writing about music and painting was rather vague. Thereupon, a French gentleman up and tells me that I don't know what I am talking about; and to prove it he states that Poe was music critic on the "Broadway Journal." Now, to estimate that aright, it is necessary to know just what kind of paper the "Broadway Journal" was, and just what kind of city New York was in Poe's time. To think that there was to be found there an organized music criticism like there is in the New York of to-day, is fallacious. The critics would not have had much to criticize. The first piano "recital" ever seen in America was given by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, an American who had passed most of his life in Europe, and that was in 1853—four years after Poe's death.

Poe has some facetious remarks about grand opera, taken in general, which sound very like Lytton in "Pelham." He has also some general remarks about the relation of music to poetry which repeat in a more accessible form ideas already expressed by Coleridge. If that is to be a music critic then was St. Augustine a music critic, for he also wrote on the metaphysics of music, and much better than Poe. It is hard to understand why a man who wrote so much, if he was really interested in music, should never have written a word about Bach or Mozart or Glück, not to mention some who were more or less his contemporaries.

Batiffol.—Not many weeks ago the greatest authority on the history of the early Christian Church, one of the best minds in Europe, Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, died in Paris in his little room in the Collège de Sainte Barbe, when he was chaplain. This was

a man who was pursued by bad luck. It is quite obvious that the humble position he occupied in no wise corresponded to his ability. Many years ago he seemed on the road to preferment. He was made a prelate and sent to Toulouse as rector of the Catholic University there. That was during the pontificate of Pius X. when the Modernist conflict was to the fore and any tendency to liberalism, as it was called, sternly repressed. Batiffol published a book which was condemned at Rome. He hastened to retract, destroyed the edition, but it was too late. He was deprived of his rectorship and relegated to the modest chaplaincy which he had served before his promotion. An ecclesiastic thus disciplined rarely comes up again, and Batiffol did not. But a man so able could not be *altogether* neglected. He was one of the congress which assembled at Malines to discuss the union of the Christian Churches, and published an admirable little book on the subject,—too fair and clear-headed indeed to please some of the parties engaged, with their Byzantine and other prejudices. On the eve of his death he was a candidate for election to the Institut de France. He would, I suppose, have been elected, and that would have been some little atonement for the shocking neglect with which this great scholar had been treated all his life. But he missed even that. It is not pleasant to think of the intrigues which kept him out of the Academy, where are harboured so many producers of unreadable novels and of plays already forgotten.

Albert Houtin, in the second volume of his *Vie d'un Pretre*, lately published, gives a malignant portrait of Mgr. Batiffol and sums him up thus: "A man of great and disappointed ambition whose career was ruined by pride and a biting tongue." At the same time he pays tribute to Batiffol's "clear, precise, trenchant mind, and his profoundly intellectual temperament." Batiffol's life was austere like his books. He cared only for ideas. His was an intellectual tragedy.

Towards the end of his life he was commissioned to write the official Life of the late Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Amette. Somebody asked him how he was getting on with it. He replied: *J'ai le sentiment de faire de l'hagiographie plutôt que de l'histoire.* That is very witty, for it can be taken in two ways. It does not follow that he meant it to be taken in the ironical way.

As for Houtin, this new book of his, published by the devotion of his friends and admirers, does not lead me to alter the estimate of his character which I wrote in this magazine two years ago. He was sincere, thorough, upright in his private life, with a narrow and bigoted side, and terribly stubborn. It was really impossible for him to think it possible that he might be mistaken. His opposition to the Vatican led him into some rather questionable actions. But in this last book he attacks Catholics and Protestants and infidels alike. None of them satisfied him.

He was a good writer. There are some portraits in this new volume which are almost all malignant, but quite masterly. His portraits of ecclesiastics are extremely censorious and, oddly enough, they might have been written by some intolerant Jansenist, for they all accuse these priests of not living up to their profession, either through worldliness, or scepticism, or time-serving.

One thing he brings out which I, for one, did not realize, and that is the great difficulty that priests who leave the Church find to get a living in France. Apart from the fact that their special training unfits them for most employments, people don't want to employ them. He himself had all the pains in the world not to go under. A noted infidel and active enemy of Christianity, Salomon Reinach, said to him : *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum*. Another free-thinker, Lucien Poincaré, declared : "The clergy is a picked corps ; those who quit are traitors." If the ex-priest turns to the Protestants he must adopt Protestantism or be suspected and persecuted. Others, again, are afraid that if they employ an ex-priest they will lose their customers. Houtin relates some harrowing tales of men of great ability and dignified life reduced to a garret and a crust of bread (literally) and killed at last by the privations they endured.

Book Reviews

LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY DAY. By T. M. Healy, K.C. (London : Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. Two volumes, £2 2s.).

This is not a pleasant book but its nature makes it an important one ; for two-thirds of it are the contemporary letters of Mr. Healy to his father and to his brother Maurice. These cover, and sometimes cover intimately, the major political events in Great Britain and Ireland from 1869 to 1922. The letters are set in small type. A commentary in larger type links one with another, summarising the events between. This commentary occupies approximately a third of the 700 pages. I remark upon the type because the historical value of the book lies only in the small type—the day to day letters written in shorthand, sometimes in the midst of a momentous Party meeting or at the height of a turbulent debate. These letters have much shrewdness and their vision is sometimes startling. But when the Mr. Healy of 1928 speaks in the larger type of any of the events to which his letters refer the shrewdness vanishes, the vision is fatally distorted, and what is written is made worthless by a prejudiced and malevolent inaccuracy. Nine-tenths of the grossness of the book—and unforgiveable jibes and insults soil almost every chapter, respecting neither age nor sex, living nor dead—is contained in the larger print. From the rest we learn so many things of importance that even to list them were a task. Principal among them stand two : an inside view of Charles Stewart Parnell and an inside view of Timothy Michael Healy. Of Parnell's life the book, in most places, is a travesty, a fierce unsparing travesty. That is natural. Mr. Healy's association with Parnell was such that he should never have allowed himself to write of the leader. He is filled even now with hatred of him and so a mean, shiftless, lying, passion-bound, selfish, almost criminal Parnell arises before us from the commentary's big print. Parnell's private life is raked from youth to death and every decayed thing found is heaped up in one revolting exhibition. Mr. Healy may have thought that a recitation of Parnell's faults and falls would have made clear to us why he took up the position he did with regard to Parnell. Yet the effect is the opposite. The reader in his anger almost forgets Parnell's faults and thinks only of those of the author. And yet, with restraint, Mr. Healy might have won part at least of our sympathy. Parnell had enormous failings. He never won the hearts of his colleagues and seldom consulted them. At many crises he had vanished and gave them no help. Mr. Healy mentions that so seldom did he come to Ireland that at the height of the terrific agitation of his own day he was absent from our shores for five whole years. He kept a vital conference of the political, agrarian, and Parliamentary leaders kicking its heels for an entire week in Paris on one momentous occasion while a wild search was made for him through London. But that he should be reviled now reminds us only of his great qualities—qualities which Mr. Healy himself admits inferentially in those unpoisoned contemporary letters : his courage ; his breadth of view ; his personal independence ; his hatred of flattery ; his sense of humour ; his loyalty to those who trusted him, English or Irish ; his indifference to abuse ; his calmness in defeat ; his simplicity. Here is Mr.

Healy's description of the leader from a letter written at the very meeting where he was overthrown.

"He has borne himself wonderfully during the meeting He was dignified in the conduct of the proceedings just as if he had no personal concern in them. I cannot conceive any other man going through such an ordeal with so much dignity."

Parnell, damned in the large type, is cleansed in the little.

The second big figure in the book is the author of it. Mr. Healy combed the years of Parnell's leadership for some new charge against him. He has combed the newspaper files of fifty years for praise of himself and complacently reprints it all, cloying in its saccharine sweetness. Every flattering remark paid him by an English Minister or an Irish colleague has been treasured and reproduced. But this rather boring egotist to one side, the book does give one an idea of the real "Tim," the good with the bad. And the characteristics which remain uppermost in the mind when the book has been closed are Mr. Healy's willingness to work and Mr. Healy's willingness to wound. In one revealing passage he laments, 36 years after the event, that he missed a certain opportunity of blistering an opponent with a phrase. He positively joyed in these scalding thrusts. After he had flung his terrible "mistress" taunt at Parnell in Committee Room 15 he writes peacefully to Maurice that he did not answer Parnell who, stung to the quick, called him "a dirty little scoundrel who insulted a woman."

"I made no reply" he writes "being content with the thrust, which will stick as long as his cry about Gladstone's 'dictation' continues."

Next day comes another revelation of character. The Press did not report Parnell's abuse of Mr. Healy. Was Mr. Healy glad to be spared the indignity? He writes to Maurice:

"Seeing that Parnell's calling me a 'dirty little scoundrel' was omitted from the Sunday papers I went to the Press Association and insisted on its being printed to-morrow."

He was willing to risk universal contempt for himself if in return he might expose Parnell in an unfavourable light! But the Mr. Healy who rises from these pages is not all faults. We see why he succeeded and why he hated the bulk of the members of the Irish Party. He was a worker, a tireless worker. Parliament was his home. He mastered every intricacy of procedure; he learned his trade. Others talked against Government measures: he sat up all night drafting obstructive amendments and improving additions. He squeezed the last ounce out of everything. Seldom absent from his place, never unmindful of what was being said around him, I have myself often seen him silence an anti-Irish backbencher with some appalling jibe which had knowledge and shrewdness in it as well as savagery. The two reasons why the Irish Parliamentary Party more than once expelled him are evident from this book. He never spared them with his tongue; he never spared himself with his work. They missed a thousand chances which he foresaw and took, or refrained from taking merely to taunt them afterwards with what had been lost. He regarded

them as politically inept and politics were the breath of his nostrils. Parliamentary inattention was the ground of his first anger against Parnell. We sense too in his letters a very human man; a man of intense family affection, even if he were narrow in most of his other likings, a man whose humour, normally vitriolic, can so often be sweet and playful, exquisite and harmless fun.

The political value of the book disappears altogether with Mr. Healy's departure from the House of Commons. His occupancy of the Viceregal Lodge is not dealt with in these volumes; they close on the eve of his appointment as Governor-General. The intervening years, covering the triumph of the Sinn Féin movement, the "Treaty," the debacle, and the start of the Civil War, are commented upon not now by a participant but by a spectator who can never forget that the new leaders are "young men." Yet when his personal prejudices do not intervene he can give them praise:

"Victory has been achieved by the pluck and self-sacrifice of men who risked their lives" he writes to Maurice when the Truce is signed. "The names of those who have fallen will be held in honour when ours are forgotten."

At the signing of the "Treaty" he writes:—

"The people are determined to oust British jurisdiction if they can. They have largely succeeded—by methods you and I would never have had the courage to undertake."

But on the whole Mr. Healy never understood Irish Republicanism and never sympathised with it. He had been too long steeped in British politics to grasp fully the "young men's" aims. It is extraordinary to find him savaging the Republican leaders in 1922 just as he had savaged Parnell. Again his venom knew no bounds. Having completely and almost childishly misstated every major event from the "Treaty" to December, 1922, he writes:

"No act of heroism to the credit of the insurgents is known to me save the stand of Cahal Bru (*sic*). If I knew anything in their favour I should set it down."

The nature of his conscientious search for Republican courage and sacrifice is evident. There is not one mention, for instance, of the executions of 1922 with the exception of a single satisfied reference to Erskine Childers' death.

To one who has participated somewhat intimately in these last ten years of Irish politics the book has one astonishing aspect. It shows that the two contests—that for Home Rule and that for Independence—were conducted on lines fundamentally different. The Home Rule leaders and some of their followers were actually the confidants of members of the British Cabinet and also, at times, of members of the Opposition. They often planned their parliamentary tactics on suggestions from Government or Opposition. British and Irish met in all kinds of places with almost immoderate frequency. The British politicians knew their Irish opponents' minds, their values, their differences with one another, even their plans. A forward movement of the Party would be dropped after a pleasant little breakfast or after a quiet confab in the Commons smoke-room. Mr. Healy himself was the intimate friend of almost every English leader and his views and even his advice were constantly sought. We have one letter where he tells Birrell to hold up his University

Scheme until "his entire policy for Ireland" is backed by the Irish Party and "cattle driving abandoned." He hears something that Lloyd George and the Irish Party have arranged and writes to Maurice: "I told the Tories." The fruit of this intimacy was the absolute certitude of Ireland's defeat. Mr. Healy, for example, makes it startlingly clear that Parnell's deposition was by English Liberal command. Parnell had from the beginning seen the danger of such fraternisation and had fought it. Arthur Griffith was the next to see it and Mr. Healy's detailed record of Irish Parliamentary politics from 1890 to 1919 is a wonderful justification of the policy of Abstention—though of course Mr. Healy does not see it in that light. One puts down the book convinced that Sinn Féin succeeded so long as it impinged on Dublin, and failed when again London became the centre. Altogether this book is a mine of information, a bubbling well of interest, to the student of politics, and for the Irish nationalist it is a finger-post of many warnings.

FRANK GALLAGHER.

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THE LIFE OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN, THE IRISH NATIONALIST: A Biographical Study of Irish Nationalism, constitutional and revolutionary. By Michael MacDonagh. (London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. Pp. 282. 21s. net).

It is little more than a year since the death of the great apostle of Conciliation, Conference and Consent, and we are too near him in point of time to be able to allot him his proper niche in history. But it is not too soon to produce, for the information of the generation that knew him not, a biography that would reconstruct the past he helped to shape, convey some idea of his character and accomplishments, and relate to events and actions those aspects of his public and private life which would give a faithful impression of the living man himself.

William O'Brien had something of greatness in him. He was a good journalist, an excellent orator, a sincere politician, and a true lover of his country. In the one constructive achievement to his credit he showed some of the gifts of statesmanship. On any reckoning he is entitled to remembrance and to the monument of a worthy biography. For that biography he left abundant materials, published and unpublished, and he gave free and open access to all the oral and written matter required. In addition to all this, Mr. MacDonagh had the benefit of personal intimacy with O'Brien and his colleagues, long experience of political journalism, and exceptional opportunities of acquiring inside knowledge of the parliamentary history of the time.

Frankly, he has not made the most of these advantages, and his book is disappointing. By far the better part of it deals with the early and middle periods of O'Brien's career. The chapters on the last twenty years are marred by gaps and omissions, unnecessary padding, some errors of fact, and a lack of understanding of home events, as distinct from happenings in parliamentary circles. Perhaps the reason for that is that Mr. MacDonagh, like the Parliamentarians themselves, was quite out of touch with the elements that made up the national movement from 1912-13 onwards.

Nor is Mr. MacDonagh any more successful in his attempt "to explain the psychology of Irish Nationalism, constitutional and revolutionary . . . from the rise of Parnell to the establishment of the Free State." Some day, it is to be hoped, we shall have a biography of O'Brien that will constitute an important

chapter in a competent interpretation of Irish nationalism. It will need to be as well done as the recently published life of Archbishop Walsh. Until then Mr. MacDonagh's "Life" will serve, not as a source book, but as a pointer to the existing material for the biographer and the historian.

Print, paper, illustrations and binding have all the excellent qualities associated with the firm of Benn.

C. O'S.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE DARLEY, POET AND CRITIC. By Claude Colleer Abbott. (London: Oxford University Press; Humphrey Milford, 1928. Price 16s.).

George Darley, known to readers of anthologies by his famous poem, "It is not Beattie I demande," which F. T. Palgrave included in his *Golden Treasury* as a Caroline lyric by an anonymous writer, was born in 1795, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1821 he went to London to make his living by literature, an incurable stammer having precluded him from entering any other profession. He came into prominence as a contributor of articles on artistic and dramatic subjects to the *London Magazine*, and thus became acquainted with the principal literary men of the day.

The indifferent reception which his poems, "Sylvia" and "Nepenthe" received from a public which was not interested in literature, together with the handicap which his impediment imposed on him in general society, turned Darley into a disappointed man. Modern criticism, however, has pointed out the debt which later poets such as Meredith and Tennyson owed to Darley, and the appreciation of such judges as Dr. Bridges and Mr. Saintsbury has helped to achieve for his poetry the recognition which his own age denied to it.

It was not until 1890 that the first posthumous collection of Darley's poems, printed for private circulation with an introduction by his kinsman, Canon Livingstone, appeared. The late Mr. Streatfield edited "Nepenthe" in 1897, and "Selections from the Poems of George Darley" in 1904. There is also a collected edition in the Muse's Library. Now, however, we are indebted to Mr. Claude Colleer Abbott for a most exhaustive study of Darley as poet and critic. He seems to have gathered from all possible sources everything that is to be known, and to have arranged his information with care and method. Part of the poet's correspondence with Milnes, Cary, Miss Mitford, Cunningham, etc., is given, and many charming letters to his three girl cousins in Ireland. Darley although no politician, had an intense love for his native country, and in these letters he is continually harking back to the scenes of his boyhood. Writing from a country district in Surrey, "called beautiful by the clod-pated English," he exclaims, "I'd rather have little Tick-knock than the whole place!"

No absolutely authentic portrait of Darley seems to exist, although Mr. Abbott reproduces as a frontispiece to his book a head in oils by William Darley, the poet's brother, which he thinks may be a portrait of George, as it agrees with descriptions of the poet by those who knew him. Before his death, which came, at the end of a long illness, in 1846, Darley apparently destroyed many manuscripts and notebooks, which would have been of infinite value to a biographer. The lack of this material has made Mr. Abbott's labours very difficult, but he has collected enough to give us a fine record of one who possessed not only lyrical genius, but also a gentle and very attractive personality.

NORTHUMBRIAN CROSSES OF THE PRE-NORMAN AGE. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., F.S.A., President of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society. 10" x 12½". 196 pp. 212 figures. London: Faber and Gwyer. 1927. 30s.

Mr. Collingwood the author of the above work is probably our leading authority on the later antiquities of that important archaeological region which embraces Northern England and Southern Scotland, a region singularly linked up from a very remote period well into historic times with Ireland. In this region the rustic Angles and Romanised Britons of the sixth century combined to form the forward and cultured people of the seventh and eighth (pp. 19-21). The monuments in the area are however more in the classic tradition than in that of either Celts or Angles and bespeak, perhaps, the thoroughness with which this wide area was Romanised in the early centuries of the era. Of this region Northumbria was the principal subdivision, and utilising the monuments of this wide district Mr. Collingwood sets out to show that from the seventh century onwards it was the home of an active culture rich in artistic elements which it radiated far and wide through western lands. This thesis, which he goes far to prove, is rather his subconscious intent, and his main purpose is "to consider ancient styles as phases of a process, and to place the examples in a series" (pre-face).

It is pretty clear that it is in North Britain that the evolution of the tall, erect, free-standing cross of definitive character as found in these islands is to be sought. I have always thought so and it can be followed in Mr. Collingwood's chapter on "Staff Roods" in which is discussed the cross with rounded contour below (plain at first and later arched) and rectangular in section above. The bosses, either one or five, on the cross-head are but the skeuomorphs of the nail-heads and fish-plate of the wooden prototypes, which again, are derived from a portable cross such as is seen in the Angel's hand on the Otley Cross (fig. 52). Later the cross becomes rectangular in cross-section all over.

The crosses of this series reached their obvious zenith in the Bewcastle and Ruthwell examples, with their rich iconography and high technical achievement. They are the product of an active art enlivened by an additional inspiration from abroad (probably N. Italy, *pace* Strzygowski). Certain crosses of this advanced group have a little knob reminiscent of the eyelet of a pectoral cross. "Twelfth century Irish crosses," the author declares, "have something similar in the form of a little house at the top of the whole, but there is no obvious connection between this development and the Northumbrian knob." This comparison is not only not apt but there is no such feature in twelfth century Irish crosses, the "arks" of the early crosses being replaced by separate conical caps in the later. A cap-stone dowel, having the shape of a truncated long-pyramid, does surmount crosses at Kells, Duleek and Kilree certainly not of the twelfth century; a hemispherical one surmounts the Tynan Abbey cross of uncertain date, while a knob, resembling the Northumbrian feature, is found on the Tuam Cross of the twelfth, also obviously a dowel. In the Durham crosses, which the author certainly does not like, the authentic Irish form, minus the wheel, had already arrived. But as Mr. Collingwood dates these to the tenth and eleventh centuries they may be an Irish reflex. The independence of the Irish crosses otherwise is assured by the singular

contrast in form and style afforded with the Northumbrian and indeed most of the British crosses.

The wheeled variety first appears in the area after the Viking inroads (from 867 onwards). The wheel feature has offered no end of food to the theorists: the wreath, the halo, the Chi Rho monogram, the sun-wheel have all in turn been suggested; or else the crosses have evolved from decorated grave-slabs or from disc-faced crosses; the analogy of the ring-brooches, or the structural considerations revealed by the Cooley and Inishcealtra crosses (Champneys, Pl. xlii.), and also by the Tuam Cross, the Omega of the series, might also be thrown into the hat. Some or even all of these elements may have entered into the creation of the full-fledged type. Mr. Collingwood thinks this happened in the Isle of Man.

I am sorry to find our author following in the footsteps of Dom Gougau and too many others in railing at the ineptness of the native treatment of the human and other natural forms. "Northumbrian art shows no serious and sustained effort at representing the human figure. The best in this kind are but shadows, and it needs much imagination to amend the worst" (p. 69). Surely the most permanent trait in Northern and especially Celtic art is this mental resistance to the portrayal of the human figure as it is. Be this reserve due to morbidity, religious inhibitions or to some unnameable racial predisposition, lack of power in handling chisel or brush, lack of mental grasp or artistic sense are certainly not the explanation. Aniconism is a permanent character of all Northern art. It can be seen in our crosses as well as in those of the North Britons and Angles, in the art of the Celts of prehistoric times, in the iconoclasm of the Scotch reformers who found in Holy Writ a sanction for a deep-rooted racial tendency, and in the art of some of our chief modern painters, Keating, for instance. All natural forms in the hands of Celtic artists tend to become symbols, ideograms, cartoons: they see not form but character and personality.

Mr. Collingwood is too business-like to be influenced by such subtleties and his treatment is all the more concrete and practical. Each stage in the development of his crosses is clearly set out and separate and combined chronologies punctuate his progress. On p. 119 he gives a rough provisional scheme for the whole series of Anglian monuments, as follows in abbreviated form:

- (a) Hexham School, beginning with Acca's Cross after 740.
- (b) A rival School (Auckland-Jarrow-Monkwearmouth).
- (c) Hoddam, late eighth century, foreign influence, Ruthwell and Bewcastle crosses.
- (d) Easby, Otley, etc., about 800.
- (e) Ripon School—820 onwards.
- (f) Mid-ninth century work—progressive results.
- (g) After Danish invasion—local survival of various schools.

For the later phases he follows Brøndsted (*Early English Ornament*, 1923, pp. 187-240).

A well but not completely stocked index does not wholly make up for the list of figures he has forgotten to give us. There are 212 of them, all from his own pen, some including two, three or more subjects: many are ingenious and convincing restorations. A little bibliography would have also been welcome. This work with Crawford's (Ireland), Kermode's (Man), Westwood's (Wales), Langdon's (Cornwall) and Romilly Allen's (Scotland) will furnish the basis for a general conspectus of the religious sculpture of these islands between 700 and 1100. Anois an t-am : cá bhfuil an duine ?

L. S. GOGAN.

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THE STRANGE NECESSITY. By Rebecca West. (London : Jonathan Cape).

Before this book came to rest where it is, it had been in the hands of another who wrote some comments in pencil on the margin. The author writes :—

"We perceive Adolphe, the motherless neurotic, delighting in his father's coldness, converting every episode in his existence, however much it might promise sunshine and fellowship, into a moonlit solitary moping walk in some scenery exquisite yet a proof of squeamishness in those who choose to traverse it, being wild enough to be a sign that those who like it reject the human garden, yet no wilder than a park for crude nature also is rejected."

The comment set against that is : "Awful sentence."

Again, the author writes :—

"Do not these passages and thousands like them [in Jane Austen] make one suspect that there is a very close resemblance indeed between art and science, a resemblance so close that we might say that art is science, only more scientific ?"

And the comment against that is : "Rubbish."

Other comments there are by the same fell hand, but they may be left where they are to make room for a philologist's protest against the abuse of the word *one* used as a first-personal pronoun. Never surely was that wretched little word so cruelly overdriven. This use, to quote Mr. Fowler ("Modern English Usage"), is an invention of the self-conscious journalist. No doubt it has been influenced by the unrelated French *on*. But it has not the same force as "I" either in French or English—where indeed it is alien. *On dit que Rebecca West est belle femme*—that expresses not the opinion of a single designed person, but indicates a collective opinion existing somewhere. This becomes quite plain when Miss West's dedication is looked at. "To Irita Van Doren whom one would like to be like." How much franker, clearer, it would be to write : "Whom I would like to be like." It is Mrs. West's own business whom she would like to be like. But "one" suggests that a vague number of people would like to be like Irita Van Doren, and Mrs. West has no right to speak for anybody but herself. Most of her readers have never heard before of Irita Van Doren and cannot have the least desire to be like her. When Bacon writes : "One said well," he does not mean "I said well," as Mrs. West would mean ; he means some third person whose name he is not disposed to mention said something.

To compensate for all that, Mrs. West has a good stock of notions, and even of ideas, easily to be recognized as such; and ideas and notions are not the cargo that most of the famed literary performers of the hour carry to market. Indeed, her bulging sentences are caused by her attempt to put too much into them. She stuffs her sentence to bursting, sits on top of it, locks it with a full-stop, and trusts to luck. Naturally, a lot of tags hang outside, and it does not look as if it would reach its destination safely. As we have seen, our friend with the lead-pencil declines all responsibility on the part of the company. And in fact Mrs. West's notions and ideas are often injured in the packing and spill out, and thus lose some of their value, when they are not altogether lost.

But nobody who buys Mrs. West's book can complain that she does not give a full bill. The first essay runs to 198 pages. Its main theme is James Joyce, the Irish writer—that is to say, Mr. Joyce bobs up at times, then is swirled below the surface, and seems to be again floating about at the end. The thick matter he floats among may be realized by the following list, gleaned in the first forty pages only:—

The Fools of Shakespeare; Notre-Dame (the Cathedral); E. M. Forster; St. Teresa; Manichaeism; Arnold Bennett; the city of Khocku; Goya; Demeter; Raphael's Madonna; Mayan houses; Paul de Kock; Jews; Dean Swift; "The most popular Roman Catholic preacher of modern times" [that was doubtless Lacordaire, or, in quite recent years, Sanson, the Oratorian, but Mrs. West says he had a pronounced Cockney accent]; Victorian England; Frith's "Derby Day"; Noel Coward; Valéry Larbaud; the Odyssey; the Aeneid; Lucretius; Dickens; Helen Wills; Fred E. Weatherley.

A few have probably been missed, but the book has no index.

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Further on, Mrs. West, speaking, as throughout, more or less of Joyce, mentions George Moore, the patent-medicine vendor whose life has been written by Samuel Smiles. A statue has been set up to him in a London suburb, and police-regulated tourists armed with Kodaks pause before it reverently, taking it for a tribute of the British Nation to the Anglo-Irish novelist of the same name. Others, perchance, hold that the novelist's works were written by the patent-medicine vendor after his retirement from active business.

Still more pleasing information might be reported from "The Strange Necessity" were limits wider. Mrs. West lets us know that she did all this thinking one Spring morning in Paris as she passed on foot between the Odéon and the Rue de Rivoli. That with her head full of such strange matters she should have arrived at the Rue de Rivoli in the present state of the Paris street-traffic, and not at a hospital, is another proof that she is a very clever woman.

But haste must be made to three short essays, even though to reach them have to be passed over the rather diffuse "Strange Necessity," and also descriptions of some American writers who may perhaps have some importance

in themselves but seem to have only the importance which Mrs. West gives them. In an essay called "The Long Chain of Criticism" is this sentence:

"Miss Sedgwick then passes on to Marcel Proust, whom she discusses in that same manner which one has found so deplorable in Mrs. Wharton when she dealt with the same subject, as if she were a cultured and fastidious society woman in doubt as to whether to engage a chef because, though his cooking is excellent, his references concerning character are not quite satisfactory."

There you have the right thing to say said as well as it need be said, and wittily to boot. The only question is whether the opinions of Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Wharton are worth getting into a rage about, as Mrs. West does. Is Proust himself worth getting into a rage about? There are things worth getting into a rage about, but not those two eminent females, nor Proust. "The man was a god," says Mrs. West. But a god should do something of the authentic sublime sort, and we are far enough away from that with Proust. Snobbishness has never been so dire with anyone else.* When all the accretions fall away, as they must in time, it will be interesting to see what remains. Perhaps future generations will turn with more confidence to Fernand Kolnay, whom nobody boosts, than to Proust for a picture of French life under the third Republic.

"The Tosh Horse" is an onslaught on Best-Sellers.

"Marie Corelli had a mind like any milliner's apprentice; but she was something much more than a milliner's apprentice. When one turns over her pages one come on delicious sentences—such as the description of the bad man who made a reputation as a wit by dint of stealing a few salacious witticisms from Molière and Baudelaire . . . What a gallant try this Molière-Baudelaire sentence is to do something with some hearsay story of vice wearing at times an iridescence, and of French authors writing wicked books!"

The chief butt is a novelist named Ethel M. Dell. A long paragraph extracted from one of Dell's books looks as cool and self-possessed as a page of Goethe—perhaps by contrast with what surrounds it.

The last essay is called "Tribute to Some Minor Artists," and it is the best thing in the book, because in it Mrs. West has no one to scold or browbeat, or even praise, so she can take matters and herself quietly. She has only to tell of a road, a countryside, a house.

"Then her eye wanders past one, her hand darts out like a sting, and she cries out, 'The forest fire! Look, it has started again!' One turns about in one's chair and sees that the pool of sunshine between the two doors is the colour of a ginger cat. True enough, that means that somewhere some sublime valley is being laid waste as by war, and that for the rest of the day the sunward side of the sky will be a half-sphere of tortoise-shell, and the sea bruise green."

*In some recent books about him by his fashionable friends, more or less, he is scarcely considered as a writer but rather as a spectacle.

Mrs. West's admirers can always point to that passage, and to many other passages nearly as good, when people say that she is not half so wonderful as she thinks she is.

Not so wonderful perhaps, and yet remarkable enough. A woman passionately interested in life and art, for as much as she understands of them, violent in her liking and hating, and like all violent people, often mistaken. But it seems preferable to be wrong with her than right with Sir Edmund Gosse. The puzzle is why, with her reading and vividness and gift of presentation, she is scarcely ever convincing. She cannot persuade. Her praise of a book would lead no one to get it. She may work herself into a fever to shew the merits of Jane Austen, but she does not move an inch those who wonder with Mark Twain why the neighbours allowed Jane to die a natural death.

The reason seems to be that we never get her thought straight—in the sense that people say "whisky straight." She likes Jane Austen because she makes it a duty to like her, because some people she admires admire Austen. If she responded to her temperament it would be the Brontës she would be praising, not Austen. It is certain that deep down inside her, perhaps below the first layer of her consciousness, she abominates Joyce—loathes his outlook, his way of writing, the things that occupy him, all about him. To justify her admiration she has to remind herself that Joyce is sound in his Latin and Greek classics—a consideration that weighs not at all with the Joyce rough-necks from South Dakota to the American bars and bookshops in Paris, France. She must often have the impulse to heave Joyce's big book out of the window in the hope that it will fall on the head of Joyce himself or of one of his zealots. But she is afraid if she spoke her mind on this subject that she would no longer be considered "advanced" by American college boys and girls, and that the mewks of *transition* (with a small T) would wag their heads saying, "Get thee behind us," and would not invite her to tea any more. V. S.

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A VERY READABLE HISTORY.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILISATION. By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. Two vols. (Routledge. 42s. net).

The publishers of this excellent book state that the time is ripe for the colossal task of re-writing English history, and that "it is nothing less than this that has been done in this great work of historical literature." Publishers' "blurbs" have fallen into such disrepute that little or no credence is given to their claims nowadays, but in this case the claims of the publishers are amply justified, and both they and the author are to be congratulated upon the completion of a history which should be as popular as that of J. R. Green. Dr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford is already well known as a member of the famous History School at Cambridge, and he is no less well known for occasional unconventionalities of manner and opinion.

In this monumental work of over 1,300 pages Dr. Wingfield-Stratford surveys, as his title implies, the "civilisation" which is called British rather than the events of Great Britain. This carries him over the whole field of British Imperialism, in Ireland, India, in Dominions, and in Colonies, so that the work

is in reality a social history of the realm which is known to the world as British. But while he necessarily concentrates upon the contributions to this "civilisation" of the British peoples, he is very careful to note that all in that "civilisation" is not British. In this way Ireland comes to be recognised as one of the greatest of the formative influences which has made that civilisation what it is to-day.

Nowhere does Dr. Wingfield-Stratford give the suggestion that he regards this "civilisation" as the great and beneficent influence that many of his more jingoistically-minded compatriots would have the world believe, and nowhere does he assume that with Britain should rest the last word in the direction which civilisation in other lands should take. He is by no means enamoured of many of the manifestations of this "civilisation," and he is not sparing in his criticism of many of the cruder things in English life to-day. He is undoubtedly a Liberal in his outlook, endeavouring to bring about a synthesis of the best in the Manchester School with the best in the newer collectivist school. There does not seem any reason why this should not be possible if *Laissez Faire* be retained for intellectual and artistic things and Collectivism inaugurated for all things economic. It is probably this direction that British "civilisation" will take in the future, and this great work of Dr. Wingfield-Stratford's will give considerable assistance in a critical period.

In his references to Ireland, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford, while not at all exhaustive or conclusive, is certainly fair. One is accustomed to have in books of this kind the Irish people blackened and blamed, but here the emphasis is in the other direction. We get an occasional knock, but on the whole this is the most scrupulously fair treatment of Irish events by an English historian that I have seen. For that alone the book deserves to be read by Irish people, and for the additional fact that he gives Ireland credit for many of the good things which have previously been annexed to England. The book can be recommended as eminently readable, and on the whole as exhaustive a survey of its vast subject as could be given within the space at his disposal.

L. P. B.

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ULSTER: Its Archaeology and Antiquities. By Henry Cairnes Lawlor, M.A., M.R.I.A. (Belfast: R. Carswell & Son, Ltd. Pp. ix × 224. 6s. net).

Mr. Lawlor is already favourably known to students of Irish archaeology and antiquities, and his works on Nendrum and other Ulster monuments have been creditable alike to his learning and his patriotism. In this new book of his he surveys the existing historical remains in the northern province from the days of early man in the stone age down to the, comparatively speaking, recent castles and bawns of Plantation times. In the result he makes a valuable contribution to the literature of Irish history.

Based upon a series of school-talks which Mr. Lawlor broadcast a couple of years ago, the book is largely a work of popularisation. But it is popularisation in the best sense and its simplicity in nowise detracts from its accuracy, comprehensiveness and scholarship. While the ordinary reader will find it no dry-as-dust tome but an interesting and at times lively volume, the scholar in the making need not disdain to consult its pages. Mr. Lawlor has taken care

to supplement his own personal knowledge by the original work of reliable authorities like MacNeill, Knowles, Macalister and Orpen, and he has added plenty of illustrations and a useful index.

The printers have done their work equally well and given us a volume worthy of the material the author has handled so ably. C.

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THE ECONOMIC HISTORY REVIEW. Vol. II., No. 1, January, 1929. Edited by E. Lipson and R. H. Tawney. (London: A. & C. Black, Ltd., for The Economic History Society. Pp. 196. 10s. 6d. net).

WORK AND THE WORKMAN: Being an Address to the Trades Union Congress in Dublin, September, 1880. By (the late) John K. Ingram, LL.D., now Re-printed with Introduction by Richard T. Ely, LL.D. (Dublin: Eason & Son, Ltd. Pp. 24. 1s. net).

This first number of a new volume of the *Economic History Review* merits to the full the praise given in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE to the earlier issues. Most important of the contributions is the lengthy article, "Economic Theory and Economic History," by Professor Werner Sombart, a brilliant defence and exposition of that distinguished German's method of approach to the subject. Other contributors include Professor H. Pirenne, on the place of the Netherlands in medieval economic history, and Professor G. W. Daniels and Mr. T. S. Ashton, on the records of a Derbyshire colliery from 1763 to 1779; and there are the usual searching reviews, memoranda, etc. This number's lists of books and articles are British, 1928, American, 1927-28, and French, 1928.

Irish readers will turn with special interest to Mr. Alfred Plummer's carefully documented account of the life and work of a famous countryman of our own. James "Bronterre" O'Brien, a pupil of the Edgeworths and student at Trinity, who became one of the leaders of the Chartists in England, invented the term "Social Democrat," and left his mark on the Labour movement, British and Irish.

"Bronterre" was poles apart from John Kells Ingram. They had nothing in common except Irish birth and a certain connection with Trinity College, but each in his way was a pioneer in social science. To Ingram we owe the first attempt to write a history of political economy in English—it is still in Messrs. A. & C. Black's list—and in its time that book of his was as daring as "The Memory of the Dead." It supplied a much needed corrective to those economists "who set up figments of their imagination for laws of social life."

This reprint of Ingram's *Address* is welcome not only because of its authorship but also because of its historical value. It will help the student of affairs to realise how far in objective, method, and power trade unions have advanced in the last fifty years, since Ingram and his Positivist friends interested themselves in working-class organisations—and how far society still falls short of some of his conceptions of social justice.

C. O'S.

MODERN CAPITALISM : ITS ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION. By Henri Sée. Translated from the French by Homer B. Vanderblue and Georges F. Doriot. (London : Noel Douglas. 12s. 6d. net).

JOHN LAW : A FANTASTIC FINANCIER 1671-1729. By George Oudard. Translated from the French by G. C. E. Massé. (London : Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d. net).

THE STATE OF THE POOR. By Sir Frederic Morton Eden. Abridged and edited by A. G. L. Rogers. (London : George Routledge & Sons. 15s. net).

THE WORLD OF LABOUR. By G. D. H. Cole. (London : Macmillan & Co. 6s. net).

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY. By G. D. H. Cole. (London : Macmillan & Co. 5s. net).

WAGES. By Maurice Dobb. (London : Nisbet ; Cambridge : At the University Press. 5s. net).

Professor Sée's little volume, *Les origines du capitalisme moderne*, published in 1926, was essentially a comparative study of extensive data, and a popularisation of the wide and deep knowledge acquired by its author over many years of hard work and hard thinking. But its scholarship was sound and its method of exposition clear and convincing. It was something like a miracle of lucid compression and masterly synthesis of information scattered over what would constitute a library of specialist monographs on different problems, periods, and regions.

The American translation which Mr. Noel Douglas now publishes in England is an improved and augmented edition. For it Professor Sée has drawn upon material that has come to light in the last two years, and taken due account of pertinent criticism of the French original. The translators have helped with valuable additional notes and references, and made the bibliography almost complete. With useful indexes of names and subjects and seven very apposite illustrations of persons and scenes, this English version becomes the only comprehensive and reliable guide for the inquirer who wants to study the evolution of the capitalist system as a whole, and not only in one country or one era or one phase.

A regrettable printer's error occurs on page 8.

M. Sée could not deal with the influence of individuals in the development of capitalism. But one of the men whom he has occasion to mention is vividly and graphically portrayed in M. Oudard's *John Law*. Law was one of the most extraordinary characters in an age of remarkable men. Scots landowner, duellist, gambler, financial speculator, banker, philanderer, his life reads like a highly-coloured work of fiction. M. Oudard tells his life story in the light, cinematographic manner of some contemporary biographers. If he scarcely does full justice to the genius of the founder of the *Banque Royale* he does succeed in conveying the atmosphere of political and financial juggling and intrigue which Sée has commented on as marking the period of Law's operations.

Although produced with Messrs. Cape's usual excellence, M. Massé's translation makes no reference to our gallant and enterprising countryman, Richard Cantillon. Yet Cantillon has a high place in the science of economics, and if his

association with Law was ended before the crash came, he had as amazing a career as the Scots adventurer himself.

The French historian and the French biographer describe a system and one of its ornaments. Other writers help us to realise some of its effects on its victims. Sir Frederic Morton Eden, an eighteenth-century English gentleman who combined scholarship with business, gave a harrowing account of the conditions of the labouring masses, the proletariat of capitalism's making, in the England of his day, when the transition to industrial capitalism was being brought about. His work has ever since been justly regarded as authoritative for that time, but it has long been out of print and difficult to procure. Messrs. Routledge have done good service in reprinting it in a handy form abridged and edited by A. G. L. Rogers. The editor supplies a lengthy, old-fashioned, but useful introduction; and in this single volume form *The State of the Poor* is still a mine in which the reader interested in social history may dig often with advantage.

The dumb dogs in Great Britain were soon, however, to find voice and follow their bark with their bite. It was inevitable that sooner or later the workers should realise their position under capitalism. When they did, they became conscious of their power to reform the system and some even dared to essay its overthrow. Modern capitalism thus gave birth to the modern Labour movement whose aspirations and problems Mr. Cole described in *The World of Labour* in 1913 and *Self-Government in Industry* after the world war. Both works are now reprinted—with Will Dyson's famous cartoon, "Labour's Medical Advisers"—and although they belong to an epoch that has gone, they are well worth a place beside the volumes under notice.

Consideration of the whole subject of capitalism would be incomplete without some reference to wages, excellently treated by Mr. Dobb in the latest volume of the Economic Handbooks written by the younger Cambridge economists and edited by Mr. Keynes. Mr. Dobb's competence in his work has already been noted in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE. He is at his top form here on the wage-system and wage problems, and, as usual, is uncommonly readable for a professional economist. For brilliant handling of its difficult subject his new book can be heartily recommended.

C. O'S.

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PROUST. By Clive Bell. (Hogarth Press. 5s.).

Reading one of Mr. Bell's expositions has all the charm of watching a conjuror. Fascinated by his easy dexterity as coils of coloured paper, glass balls, and gold-fish come tumbling out of the hat we sit charmed spectators, unable to criticise, unable to doubt for fear of missing the next marvel, and when with a final flourish the rabbit which we have secretly hoped for right from the beginning is produced we can do nothing but applaud. Mr. Bell, moreover, is far too good a conjuror to continue his performance alone for the whole evening, and with almost an apology for fear he should bore us, calls on a member of the audience to come up on the platform, and thus diverting our attention to a new object, rumples the young booby's hair and sends him back to his seat.

After the show is over we may, perhaps wonder whether the rabbit really was in the hat or whether Mr. Bell, having thoroughly hypnotised us did not snatch it from behind the scenes when we were not looking. Be this as it may the rabbit is always a modish creature, and should we wish to appear in the latest fashion we could hardly do better than ape the curl of its whiskers.

In the present volume the topic—Proust, is up-to-date enough as a starting-point, and the explanation of Proust's great achievement is stated by reference to the equally up-to-date scientific theory that absolute relationships can only exist in space-time, and we are shown Proust dealing with time in as surprising a way as Einstein does with space. For time in the Proustian universe no longer moves in its familiar series of seconds, minutes, and hours following each other in ordered monotony, but hesitates, splits its stream into several channels, reunites, meandering now here, now there with twists and turns so that we hardly know on which bank the familiar landmarks stand, nor whether they are behind us or before, for a sudden bend in the stream may yet bring us again past those spots we thought never to revisit, and there are still pools whose delay may keep us for hours yet from reaching what seemed close at hand.

The most surprising thing is that in this case it seems as if the rabbit really *was* in the hat.

S. G.

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PARNASSUS TO LET. By Eric Walter White. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.).

A perceptive and enthusiastic essay on rhythm in the cinema. The number of fresh and original young minds at work on one aspect or another of the films is the best argument in their favour. Mr. White pleads for intelligent film-editors who will not wreck the metre and rhythm of good pictures by careless and stupid cutting. How disastrous these haphazard "cuts" can be to a film was clearly shown in "Metropolis" of which the version shown in London was quite different to the one which left its native heath, the U.F.A. studios. I believe this film was further deleted in Dublin!

A picture like Berlin, with no captions or superfluous plot, brilliant in both underlying idea and treatment, is as satisfying to the eyes as a good ballet. As Mr. White points out, the interrelation of ballet and cinema is becoming closer. Both "The Blue Train" and "Apollo Musagetes" owe their slow motion scenes to the cinema.

Everyone interested in the later developments and latent potentialities of this youngest child of the arts, will applaud the suggestion of an international board of censors. At present the best films come from Russia, yet are taboo in England. "Vaudeville," in which Emil Jannings made his name, is mutilated for the benefit of Birmingham, and incredible as it may seem, Chaplin, the master-mime, is considered unsuitable to Chicago.

M. G.

ROSSETTI. By R. L. Megroz. (London : Faber and Gwyer. 15s. net.).

This book is well described as an elaborate study which reveals the poet painter's strange personality and work from many interesting and some unusual angles. Mr. Megroz gives a vivid account of Rossetti's relations with contemporary artists and poets, and as well deals thoroughly with early environment and family influences. He has new things to say in a chapter on "Dante and the Divine Woman," where he evokes the imaginative connection of Rossetti with the greatest Italian poetry. Mr. Megroz is the perfect critic in the sense of Pope's famous lines. Other studies from his pen have shown his unusual faculty of sensitive understanding of what goes to the making of poetry. This book is, at the same time, as thoughtful and as well documented a study of Rossetti, as has yet appeared.

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THE STORY OF KETH. By Blanche Girouard. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.).

A fairy woman of the Etain type falls in love with a holy man, Cleran, and seduces him from his charitable labours among the poor of Wicklow to roam the roads of Ireland. Keth is a heartless minx, and having removed her conscience-stricken but enthralled victim from his accustomed and loved environment treats him abominably. In this version of *Thais* all one's sympathies are with Paphnutius, who, unlike his unpleasant prototype, behaves with gentleness and generosity to this destructive huzzy, even when the tables are turned on her.

The ending is unconvincing and seems to infringe the book's convention of fabulosity. Fantasy of this sort demands a core of power and a rigid conformity to imaginative axiom. James Stephens could do it, and his *Demi-Gods* was both profound and witty. There are too many echoes of the Stephens mannerism, without either its underlying wisdom or irony in *The Story of Keth*; even the horse Meleanthus is an intellectually poor relation of the epigrammatic Ass. Miss Girouard has a talent for narrative, an evident perception of natural beauty, as her descriptive passages of the passing Irish seasons show, and a good ear for dialectical turns of phrase. Her "House of the Blind Lords of Cong" chapter shows that she is capable of creating a magical atmosphere; therefore, if she can only cultivate a harder head and a more rigid control of her medium, she may yet write a good fairy tale.

M. S. P.

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DIFFERENT DAYS. By Frances Cornford. (4s. 6d. net.).

ROAN STALLION, TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. (6s. net.).

MATRIX. By Dorothy Wellesley. (3s. 6d. net.).

(Hogarth Living Poets). (The Hogarth Press).

At its best Mrs. Cornford's verse has a quiet traditional beauty reminiscent of the landscapes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire which inspire many of these poems. She has an acute awareness of the beauty inherent in common things, and draws her inspiration from warm human relationships and the events

of everyday life rather than from any remote region of solitary thought. At her worst she falls into a rather irritating naïveté:—

“Here in the turf that’s warm and grey
The violets they run away
Like little happy mice at play.”

And again,

“Here is the truth, and you must grapple,
Grapple with what I have said,
I am a dumpling without any apple,
I am a star that is dead.”

These quotations are silly and trivial, and whatever applause this sort of thing receives from the multitude of half-educated persons who admire the quaint and the fanciful because they fear genuine imagination, it is quite unworthy of the authoress of “The Garden near the Sea,” to my mind the best thing in the book. It has that musical ease which is the reward of those writers who have worked hard at technique.

“Wild fell the rain from the soaked apple branches,
In gusts of delicate falling;
Cold drops from where, on storm-subdued marshes,
Sea-birds are calling.

But young green apples nourished are with raining,
And old green orchards blest;
The cottage rose holds up the drops of coldness
In her sweet breast.

Washed is each grey round pebble of the pathway—
So cleanse my heart again;
And let it perfectly receive its sorrow
As trees do rain.”

It would be difficult to find a greater contrast to the serenity and fine workmanship of Mrs. Cornford’s best poems, than in the careless turbulence and Walt Whitman-like fecundity of Mr. Robinson Jeffers. Here are roughly-carved colossi of maple-wood, sagas scribbled in careless eloquence on the sand of the lake-shores. To Mrs. Cornford, one feels, poetry is one of the many amenities of a cultured life, but to this bard of the backwoods the torrential urge to pour forth his ideas and sensations is obviously life itself. He has no use for the dilettante.

“Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children, but lack nobility: it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.”

Mr. Jeffers is certainly bitterly in earnest, but so no doubt were the savages who sculpted the Easter Island statues, yet forceful and strange though these are, they are not works of art. His language is too often rough and colloquial, and the epithet "colonial," with all it connotes, keeps creeping into the reader's mind. In the long "Roan Stallion" and "Tamar" the twelve-beat unrhymed metre tends to become monotonous. "The Tower beyond Tragedy" is a valiant effort and does seem to hold in its core those elements which Æschylus considered necessary components of tragedy. It is like a Greek statue in the rough, whose maker had the right idea but lacked the skill to turn out the perfect article.

Most poets find it easier to write a good short poem than a good long one, and Mr. Jeffers is no exception. The following is both good and typical :—

"Though joy is better than sorrow, joy is not great ;
 Peace is great, strength is great.
 Not for joy the stars burn, not for joy the vulture
 Spreads her grey sails on the air
 Over the mountain ; not for joy the worn mountain
 Stands, while years like water
 Trench his long sides. "I am neither mountain nor bird
 Nor star ; and I seek joy."
 The weakness of your breed : yet at length quietness
 Will cover those wistful eyes."

Mr. Jeffers believes that only life's grimmer and more intense moments are of value ; but Lady Wellesley goes even further. To her all life is worthless and merely a blind groping after the lost knowledge of the womb. "Matrix" is a more pessimistically pantheistic version of the "Trailing clouds of glory do we come" idea.

"At birth Man loses the light,
 Plunges to darkness, who once
 Was one with the centre, the world."

The authoress has more philosophical than poetic perception. Her underlying thought, if somewhat diffused and spun out, is sound, but her verse, with the exception of one or two passages, is rather clumsy and unmusical.

M. S. P.

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TRISTRAM LLOYD. Canon Sheehan, D.D., and Henry Gaffney, O.P. (Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.).

It is doubtful if the publishing of this novel has served any useful purpose, except perhaps as an interesting example of the early efforts of a writer whose name stands high in literature through his later works. One feels that, in putting it aside before he had finished it, the late Canon Sheehan was satisfied that it was inferior and that he did not wish it to be submitted to the reading public. Fortunately, its publication cannot damage the author's great reputation, but it would have been kinder to place the unfinished manuscript where it would be preserved as a relic of a great Irishman.

It is impossible to be intrigued by the story of this journalistic hero. One merely wonders, as one reads, how long it will be before he "throws up the sponge" and enters a cloister. He belongs to the monastery of an order of missionaries, and as such he would probably have achieved some success, whereas, as a journalist, whose blood boils at the wrongs of the poor and is unresponsive to the martyrdom of his own sister, he is very unconvincing. The author's motive may have been that of showing how futile idealism is in this commercial age, but he had shown that very early in his story, and the rest was wasted energy. The last chapter, written presumably by Father Gaffney, was a little exciting, but its excitement is of the character that arises from a highly theatrical "movie" built expressly for the purpose of making an audience sit on the edge of the seats. The one really interesting feature of this book is the Biographical Introduction by the Rev. H. J. Heuser, D.D., in which the writer gives us a glimpse into the character and life of one of the most charming of Irish novelists. That alone is worth the purchase price.

J. J. H.

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SATIRE AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE SPACIOUS ADVENTURES OF THE MAN IN THE STREET. By Eimar O'Duffy. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

THIS DELICATE CREATURE. By Con O'Leary. (Constable. 7s. 6d.).

WINTERSMOON. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

THE SILVER THORN. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

There would seem to be some craving in Irish nature that only the use of satire would satisfy. One such satirical Irishman attributed his use of the weapon to something which he called "normal vision," but that explanation carried little meaning when it is borne in mind that satire is the refuge of most Irishmen, at their disposal at all times and liable to be brought into use without the slightest provocation. Satire is in use among friends as among enemies, in the ordinary commerce of life, often with no intention to wound, but as often with intention to kill. Fellow-countrymen are not spared; but, of course, having for neighbour a man like Mr. Broadbent offers a temptation too great to be resisted. And then, this excellent Mr. Broadbent likes to be treated satirically, actually paying people handsome sums for the luxury.

In the two books by Irishmen, Messrs. Con O'Leary and Eimar O'Duffy, the satire covers Ireland and England without discrimination. Neither book is very profound, so that the effect on the reader is as likely to be the production of a laugh as the desire to start a revolution. Both books are occasionally crude, and Mr. Eimar O'Duffy still lingers longer than might be expected in his undergraduate moods. While Mr. Con O'Leary goes from strength to strength, Mr. Eimar O'Duffy too often lapses into writing which would have been regarded as "clever" when he began his career in U.C.D. Occasionally Mr. O'Duffy's book is marred by a cheap "wit" which is certainly unworthy of the author of that excellent book *King Goshaw*.

The Spacious Adventures of the Man in the Street takes one Aloysius O'Kennedy from a shop in Stonybattery to the planet Rathé, and in the Utopian civilisation of that place he has opportunities for making comparisons which are always advantageous to the civilisation he had left. While the book makes excellent reading the satire is too plainly Wellsian to carry conviction. One thing about the book irritated slightly: the manner in which place-names were made up of the letters of actual places, so that attention was distracted by an endeavour to reconstruct the proper name. *The Spacious Adventure of the Man in the Street* will provide good reading for a holiday, but its satire is unlikely to give it the immortality of *Gulliver's Travels*.

If less spacious in her adventures, Mr. Con O'Leary's heroine is used to probe more deeply into certain social evils of our time. The book is really a series of sketches, connected only by each event being embodied in the same person. Boda, daughter of an Irish peer and wife of Lord Cahalboyne, is, by the use of a drug called Nirvabogoea, passed through a series of corporeal adventures in the course of which she lives the life of each of her most-admired or most-detested companions, animal and human. Not only is the book excellent satire of the restless, useless, English picture-paper woman, it is also excellent in satirising many of the vanities and so-called sports of the day. In "Boda was a Vixen" Mr. O'Leary uses similar material to that used by Mr. O'Duffy in one of Aloysius O'Kennedy's adventures, and it must be said that the "thrill" is all with Mr. O'Leary. *This Delicate Creature* is such a great advance upon *Break O' Day* as to suggest that Mr. O'Leary will write a superlative book in the near future.

To pass from these Irish satirists, without respect or regard for the "nobility and gentry" of England, to the stately regard of Mr. Hugh Walpole is but the journey from the smoking-room to the drawing-room. *Wintersmoon* is sometimes heavy reading, but it is, nevertheless, Mr. Walpole's masterpiece to date. Wildherne Poole is the English "milord" of our day set out and analysed as he has never before been treated in fiction. He is not likeable in the beginning, but gradually, as the personality of the man expands and his essential humanity becomes known, the reader is drawn to him irresistibly. In Janet Grandison and her sister Rosalind Mr. Walpole has added another pair to his already notable gallery of feminine portraits, as he has added, also, a notable gathering of "nobility and gentry" such as is now rapidly passing from England and from the world. *Wintersmoon* is a very memorable book, one that cannot be forgotten when once it has been read and one which will be re-read many times. Certainly it is one of the most notable of books published during the past few years.

There is a steep decline from *Wintersmoon* to *The Silver Thorn*, as rarely in his short stories does Mr. Walpole achieve the effects of his longer works. He is an artist who requires a large canvas, as he affects a leisurely style which is not quite effective in the short story. Nevertheless such stories as "The Enemy in Ambush," "The Etching," and "No Unkindness Intended" are, each in a different way, little masterpieces. If magazines could always keep to the general level of *The Silver Thorn* the contempt so generally and generously expressed about them would recoil upon the critics.

THE ISLE OF DESTINY.

IRELAND: THE ROCK WHENCE I WAS HEWN. By Donn Byrne. (Sampson Low. 7s. net).

From Destiny Bay to Destiny Isle is no long journey, but it is not on the tourist track. It seems probable that one of the effects of this little book of the late Donn Byrne's will be to place it there, much as his detestation of "tourists" is expressed in the book.

Ireland is a description of, and a commentary upon, the Ireland of the past and the present which has all the fascination of Donn Byrne's writing. Originally written for the pages of an American geographical magazine, it must have posed a pretty problem to the editors. There is nothing which the somewhat forbidding word "geographic" could cover within the pages of the book. It is not "scientific"; it is not historical; it is not a handbook for tourists; yet in a way it is all three. It contains as much of the essence of Ireland as could be distilled into such a small space: but that is not to suggest that Irish people will all be pleased with it. Belfast folk will, no doubt, resent some aspersions on their well-beloved City Hall, and ardent patriots will be angered by occasional *obiter dicta* upon things they hold dear.

But, withal, it is a delightful book, full of the spontaneous gaiety of its author, and a tribute from a faithful son to the land he loved. The book is excellently illustrated by a profusion of beautifully reproduced photographs taken especially by an American photographer. It is a book to buy and keep.

L. P. B.

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THE POETRY OF GARRADRIMNA.

THE VARIOUS LIVES OF MARCUS IGOE. By Brinsley MacNamara. (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d. net).

In this new book, the first completely new book that he has written for several years, Brinsley MacNamara has excelled himself. Romantic realism, which verges upon fantasy at times, has had in recent years no more expert writer in its service than the author of *The Various Lives of Marcus Igoe*. In technique the novel is realistic, but its matter is "such things as dreams are made on." In himself, as his neighbours of Garradrimna see him, Marcus Igoe is insignificant enough; noticed only to be laughed at. His own ideas of what he is, and more especially of what he might have become had his circumstances been different, give Mr. MacNamara scope for deep psychological probing and much beautifully refined writing. There is in this book all that differentiates the poet from the mere novelist, so that the author has excelled even his own *Mirror in the Dusk*. In this book the "valley of the squinting windows" achieves beauty at times.

The Various Lives of Marcus Igoe is something of an experiment in form, and as such will appeal especially to writers. Real life, actuality, fades into dream, and the dream again merges in the actual, and the whole is salted with an ironic humour which makes it particularly attractive. Where J. M. Barrie used sentimentality in *Dear Brutus* to achieve his effects, Mr. MacNamara uses

irony and satire, and the Irish mixture is much the more satisfying to the reader. The lambent humour of the book is as refreshing as it is, perhaps, unexpected, and it suggests that the future work of Brinsley MacNamara will be lighter in texture than those early volumes by which he is now very well known.

A. E. M.

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THE BRIDE ADORNED. By D. L. Murray. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net).

The recent restoration of the Vatican City State to the Pope gives this story a topical interest, for its historical background is Rome in the "sixties," when the internecine strife between the supporters of the old Papal State and the revolutionaries was at its height.

The book is written in a curiously un-modern manner reminiscent of the Disraeli of *Contarini Fleming*, etc., but although for the first few pages the style obtrudes itself as being a trifle stilted, it soon fades imperceptibly and harmoniously into the subject, particularly in the fine descriptions of Easter Week at St. Peter's and Carnival in the streets of Rome. There is much spirited action. A secret plot, a rebellion, and a bombardment are skilfully interwoven into a highly romantic love interest. The beautiful English heroine, Protestant and idealistically Garibaldian, and the dashing Papal Guard hero enslaved by her blue eyes and "dark silken ringlets," with their impeccable characters and immutable principles, in conflict alas! with their staunch hearts, are quite a rest after a surfeit of the introspective, complex, sceptical generation reflected in most modern novels. Here is Angela Craven at the Princess Valloscura's ball. "She was dressed in a low-necked *polonaise*, with a foaming underskirt of white lace flounces, beneath which the blue rosettes of her slippers peeped out. A single curl lay on her neck, and a camellia gleamed in the dark waves behind her ear. His head swam at the touch of her glove." No wonder poor Camillo spends the rest of the book being torn between love and duty!

C. C.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

EARLY DUBLIN-PRINTED EDITIONS OF GOLDSMITH.

THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH: Handlist of Dublin Editions before 1801.
By E. R. McC. Dix. (The Bibliographical Society of Ireland).

The bi-centenary year of the birth of Goldsmith gave Mr. E. R. McC. Dix, who has done so much invaluable pioneer work in connection with early Irish printing and bibliography, the happy idea of compiling a Hand-list of all the editions of the poet's works printed in Dublin during the eighteenth century. Superficially viewed, this would seem to be no very difficult task, for to a stranger making a bibliographical tour of Dublin it would appear an obvious and simple matter to transcribe the details of these editions from the catalogues of the National Library and that of Trinity College, making good any unlikely omissions by consulting the collections in Marsh's Library and the Gilbert section of the

Dublin Municipal Library. But Mr. Dix had to go much farther afield to bring anything like completeness to his task, for the poverty of our public libraries in important material of this kind is as astonishing as it is deplorable. It is a tribute to his industry that, whilst having been obliged to resort to such makeshift sources as booksellers' and auction sale catalogues, he has succeeded in compiling such a useful and informative Hand-list.

Practically all Goldsmith's important works were reprinted in Dublin, either piratically or legitimately, immediately after publication in London. The exceptions would appear to be works of which he was only editor, part author, reviser or translator, such as *The Bee*, *The Martial Review*, *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, *Poems for Young Ladies*, and his early pamphlet, *The Mystery Revealed*. No Dublin edition of any of these has so far been discovered.

On the other hand, there were seven separate Dublin editions before 1800 of *The Vicar of Wakefield* (including one in French); three of *The Traveller* (including an undated one in an unusual—for Dublin—quarto form, which must be of considerable rarity); three of *The Good Natured Man*; and six of *She Stoops to Conquer*. The Histories of England, Greece and Rome, having been adopted as school-books, were, of course, reprinted continuously, as can be discovered by any regular visitor to Aston's Lane. Of the *History of England* the earliest Dublin edition Mr. Dix has been able to trace is one printed by Exshaw bearing the date 1767 and labelled "Third Edition," and he makes the comment "query, First Edition? That of London is 1771." But surely there is some confusion here between the two separate Histories which Goldsmith wrote, the first entitled *An History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, which appeared in 1764, and a later work, *The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Death of George II.*, which was published in 1771. Presumably the Dublin edition of 1767 is merely a late reprint of the 1764 History.

A matter for greater excitement is a similar query in connection with the publication of *She Stoops to Conquer*, of which Mr. Dix records a copy of a Dublin edition in the Gilbert collection bearing the date 1772. This, if there is no question of a misprint, would at once give the Dublin issue the distinction of being the First Edition of this very important work, since the London edition did not appear until 1773. Yet, on the face of it, this seems hardly credible. The Dublin pirates, always resourceful and enterprising, were sometimes able to do amazing things—as witness the famous instance of Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*—but in the case of this particular work there were existing circumstances which would seem to render it impossible for any printer, Irish or English, to have produced anything but an incomplete or garbled version during the year 1772. During the last months of 1772 and the early part of 1773 the manuscript of the play was constantly passing to and fro between Goldsmith and Colman, the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, the latter having adopted a very unfavourable attitude towards it. To meet his criticisms Goldsmith was kept busy making excisions and alterations, and this state of things continued right up to the end of February, 1773, the play being finally produced in March of that year and printed for the first time—so far as we know—in London a few days later. If a Dublin edition, then, exists with the 1772 date the most likely explanation would appear to be that it is a misprint. Curiously enough, however, in the first

collected edition of the Poems and Plays which appeared in 1777 the date of publication of *She Stoops to Conquer* is also given as 1772, but this has always been regarded as an error. The matter is important enough to call for further investigation.

In the appendix to his Hand-list Mr. Dix mentions a volume of poems which include several of Goldsmith's, called *The Muses' Banquet*, an undated Dublin publication, which he placed "circa 1780." The date must, however, be advanced by at least ten years, as the volume contains Hayley's "Ode to John Howard" (the prison reformer), and there is a footnote mentioning Howard's death from fever in Turkey. This happened in the year 1790.

A much earlier collection with a Goldsmith interest, of which Mr. Dix does not appear to be aware, is an anthology called *A Collection of Poems, Essays and Epistles*. This was "printed for T. Armitage, in College Green," and the only copy I have seen bears on the title-page the legend "Third Edition, with Additions," and is dated 1774. It contains *The Traveller*, *The Deserted Village* and *Edwin and Angelina*. It would be interesting to learn whether there is a first edition of this book in existence.

M. J. MACM.

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BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

The Spring Catalogue of Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell, of Charing Cross Road, London, is of exceptional interest, containing as it does a selection from the library of a great collector, the late Sir Edmund Gosse. Amongst the collection there are, as was to be expected, many presentation copies of books by living authors, and collectors who like their first editions to have an "association" interest will find plenty of material here to choose from. An outstanding item in the same list is a copy of the first edition of Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa*, 1748, with the rare folding sheet of music in Volume II. This is priced, not unreasonably for such a rare book, at £40.

A Catalogue issued by the Export Book Co., of Preston, and dated March, 1929, leaves much to be desired in its descriptive methods. Here are a few examples:—"Fanny Burney's *Camilla*; 3 vols.; an uncut copy in the boards; the first edition; unique; 30s.; Dublin, 1796." All we have to say with regard to this is that it is *not* the first edition, and it is *not* unique. "The Pictorial History of England . . . from the Earliest Times to the end of the Reign of George III, edited by Geo. IV., Craik, Chas. MacFarlane and others." Edited by "Geo. IV."! And here is a distinctly new method of enhancing the selling qualities of a book (the Baskerville Bible in folio): "The joints of this noble volume, besides (*sic*) which even a Kelmscott Chaucer is quite insignificant, are rather worn and tender—otherwise a magnificent unique copy. What would this have brought at the Kern sale?" At a guess, we hazard something substantially less than the £10 asked by the Export Book Co. Before taking leave of this curious list we cannot refrain from mentioning that it offers single leaves taken from the Second Folio Shakespeare (but catalogued under the heading "First Folios") at ten shillings a leaf!

The two hundred and forty-second Catalogue issued by Messrs. B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., of Oxford, contains 1,482 items and covers a very wide range indeed. Here are Early-printed Books, Standard Sets of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Authors, books from Private Presses, and modern First Editions. Pride of place must be given to two autograph letters of great American interest, and bearing as they do the signatures of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin respectively, we do not imagine that the £75 asked in each case will delay their speedy passage across the Atlantic.

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As we go to press we have received from Mr. Hugh Greer, 18 Gresham Street, Belfast, a copy of his Catalogue No. 7, consisting of "Books relating to Ireland, Americana, Genealogy and Family History, Heraldry, etc., etc." A fascinating collection and one to which I would draw the attention of every Irish collector, for it includes items to interest every bookman, and is, in short, one of the very best lists ever issued by an Irish house.

Another catalogue which, alas, comes too late for adequate notice, is entitled *Eighteenth Century England*. It is issued by Mr. Francis Edwards, 83 High Street, Marylebone, London, W.1, and is in every way worthy of its title and of the fine house of its origin. A reproduction of the well-known mezzotint portrait of Steele (by Faber after Kneller) serves as frontispiece, and there are many facsimile title pages, exquisitely printed on toned paper, of the rarer items. The list contains many of the great things of eighteenth century literature, but those unfortunate amateurs who, led astray by ill-written and ignorant notices of recent book auction prices, imagine that every early edition of Goldsmith and Sterne and Gray must be worth "hundreds of pounds" will receive a rude but salutary awakening when they find such entries as "Goldsmith, Good Natur'd Man, 1768, 8s.," "Sterne, Sentimental Journey, 1775, £1," and "Swift's History of the last Four Years of the Queen, first edition, £1," to name only a few of the very modestly priced items which are offered.